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Saturday Review

OF LITERATURE

TWENTY CENTS APRIL 22, 1950

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By HARRI

(See page 2

Winston S. Churchill, author of "The Grand Alliance." (See page 11)

Fiction: A Lens on Life

By WALLACE STEGNER

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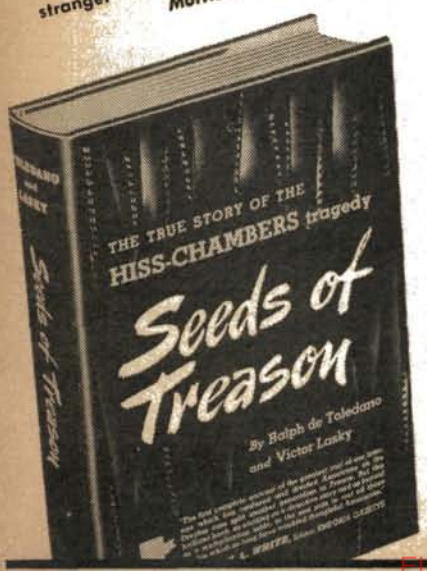

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This Week

April 22, 1950

Cover Drawing by Sam Norkin

Features

FICTION: A LENS ON LIFE
By Wallace Stegner 9

AMBROSIA TO TASTE
By Lawton Mackall 40

VICTUALS DU JOUR
By Lita Bane 43

COOK'S KITCHEN
By Dorothy Michael 45

Reviews

THE GRAND ALLIANCE
Reviewed by Crane Brinton 11

ROOSEVELT: FROM MUNICH TO PEARL HARBOR
Reviewed by Walter Johnson 12

WORLD WITHOUT HEROES
Reviewed by Siegfried Mandel 13

MOON GAP
Reviewed by Christine Noble Govan . 14

THE TWIN ADVENTURES
Reviewed by Hollis Alpert 15

THE TOWN
Reviewed by Harriette Simpson Arnow 16

THE WEDDING
Reviewed by Nathan L. Rothman .. 17

THE BOAT
Reviewed by Richard McLaughlin .. 17

WORLDS IN COLLISION
Reviewed by Harrison Brown 18

THE COMMUNITY OF MAN
Reviewed by Ordway Tead 19

LOUIS PASTEUR, FREE LANCE OF SCIENCE
Reviewed by Waldemar Kaempffert . 20

THE ART OF REAL HAPPINESS
Reviewed by Fredric Wertham 21

RITUAL MAGIC 21
Reviewed by Stanley Edgar Hyman

Departments

TRADE WINDS
By Bennett Cerf 4

LITERARY I.Q. 14

LITERARY CRYPT 16

EDITORIAL 22

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR 23

MUSIC TO MY EARS
By Irving Kolodin 26

SEEING THINGS
By John Mason Brown 28

NEW EDITIONS
By Ben Ray Redman 34

THE NEW RECORDINGS
By Edward Tatnall Canby 35

BOOKED FOR TRAVEL
By Horace Sutton 36

THE PHOENIX NEST
By William Rose Benét 48

DOUBLE-CROSTIC No. 839 49

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by

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MORROW

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TRADE Winds

PRESIDING OVER a prosperous rental library north of Ninety-sixth Street is a wise and discerning lady who suffers untold frustration day after day because her patrons unerringly pass over the books she wants them to read and clamor for the sexy trash. Last week was particularly trying for her: nineteen customers in a row demanded the same sensational just-published tome. When the twentieth betrayed by a certain diffidence and embarrassment that she, too, was going to ask for this book, the librarian's anger overflowed. "I don't really want it for myself," was the customer's familiar gambit, "but my husband, who just wants some relaxation when he comes home from the office, made me promise I'd get it for him." The librarian slapped the book down on the counter and rasped, "You want to read dirty books? *Read* dirty books. *But don't explain.*" . . .

ED PARONE, of the *Hartford Courant,* dipped into Henry Green's new novel on the way home from the National Book Award festivities. "I'm convinced anew," he reported later, "that 'Nothing' is better than 'Loving.'" . . . The author of a forthcoming book about atomic warfare buttonholed another critic at the Award dinner and pontificated, "Our life expectancy has been reduced to something under three years." "Goodness," reacted the critic. "Then why am I wasting precious seconds standing here talking to you?" . . . Laura Hobson was so delighted with advance notices on her forthcoming novel, "The Other Father" (due May 11 via S & S), that her prematurely gray hair turned blonde overnight. . . . Frederick Buechner's reference to the Cloisters in "A Long Day's Dying" imbued Herbert Wise with a desire to revisit this impressive museum of medieval art in Fort Tryon Park. He particularly admired the set of six fifteenth-century tapestries depicting "The Hunt of the Unicorn." When he learned that they had been a gift of Mr. Rockefeller's he remarked, "Ho, ho! Cloysters Rockefeller." . . .

RICHARD ARMOUR'S new collection of witty verse, "For Partly Proud Parents," will be published by Harper next Wednesday. When Armour (a frequent contributor to *SRL*) received the first hand-bound copies delivered by the bindery he experienced emotions that will strike a familiar chord with other writers:

I've never had a baby,
  But look, friends, look!
I've never had a baby,
  But I've just had a book!

It's smaller than expected,
  It's errors meet the eye,
But it's absolutely noiseless
  And absolutely dry.

It looks a little like me,
  My name is on its spine.
It may not be a beauty,
  But, friends and foes, it's mine!

I've never had a baby,
  And yet I'm birth-pain wise.
I've had a book, and soon I'll
  Be back to normal size! . . .

ROOTS: Hesketh Pearson reports that Oscar Wilde was addicted to very fancy neckwear in his salad days. He proudly exhibited one of his more extravagant creations to his older brother, Willie, and asked, "What's your opinion of *this* design?" Willie answered, "Only a man who is totally deaf should wear a tie like that." . . . A score of readers point out that when William Lyon Phelps observed, "Fish and visitors spoil after the third day," he unconsciously was echoing a thought expressed in slightly stronger language a century earlier by Benjamin Franklin. . . . Sinclair Lewis now adamantly refuses to lecture or appear at literary luncheons. "I tried it in my youth," he recalls, "and soon learned that most audiences come to see us authors talk in the hope (too often realized) that we'll be funnier to look at than to read." . . . By the way, do you know that John Hersey served a part of his apprenticeship as Sinclair Lewis's private secretary? . . . When the canny Henry Hoyns tossed a coin to decide who was going to pay a check, he always let his companion do the calling. He explained, "'Heads' invariably is called seven times out of ten; the simple law of averages gives the man who listens a tremendous advantage." . . .

M-G-M'S SCREEN VERSION of W. R. Burnett's "The Asphalt Jungle," directed by John Huston and produced by Arthur Hornblow, Jr., provides eighty minutes of continuous excitement. Visitors to the June American Booksellers' Convention may enjoy the privilege of seeing it prevued. For once, the head of a big city's police force is depicted as a man with brains, integrity, and a sense of his responsibility to the community. Pictures like "The Asphalt Jungle" are Hollywood's most effective answer to uninformed critics with an eye on front-page headlines. . . . The cops will get another break when MacKinlay Kantor's "Signal Thirty-two," a certain best seller, appears in the fall. . . . "The Golden Twenties," produced by The March

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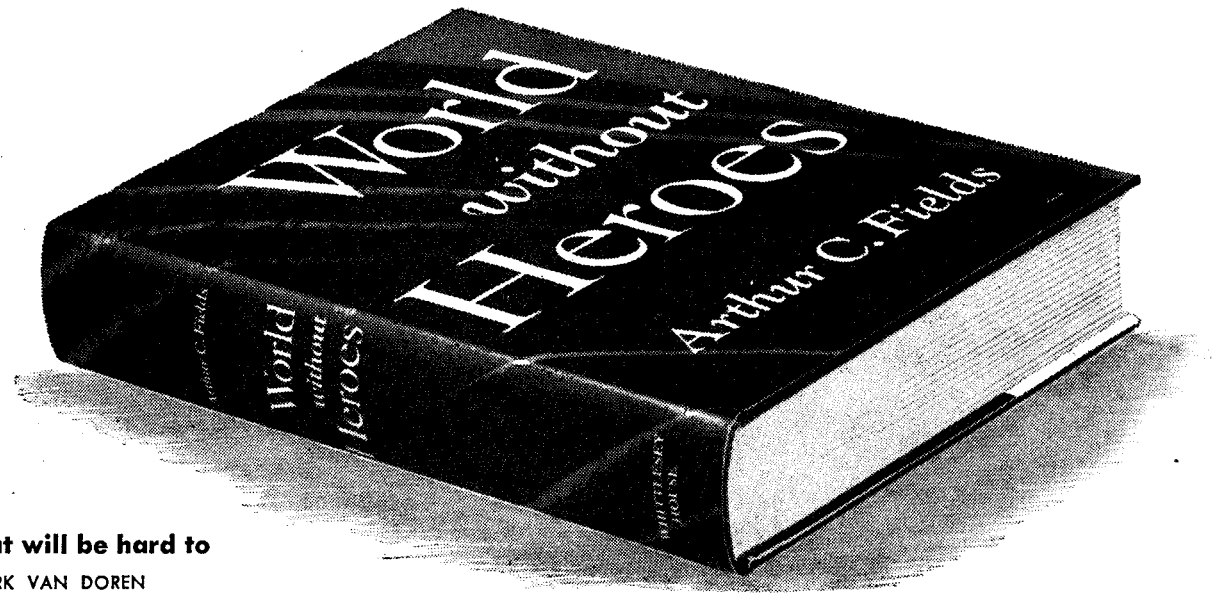

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"An absorbing novel. It has significance and stature."
—JOHN FARRAR

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—SIEGFRIED MANDEL,
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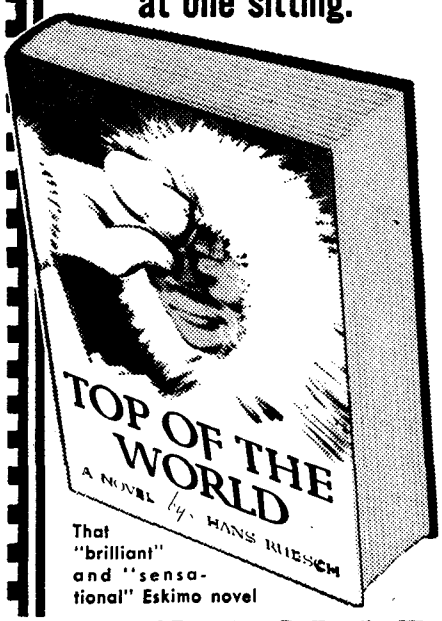

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"Hans Ruesch writes with vigor and beauty." — JOSEPH HENRY JACKSON, *San Francisco Chronicle*

"The actors and the incidents are novel to a sensational degree." —*Book-of-the-Month Club News*

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HARPER & BROTHERS

of Time, highlights America's Jazz Age by actual newsreel shots of the period. Authors on view include Joseph Conrad, John Galsworthy, H. G. Wells, and Michael Arlen. I enjoyed every minute of it—particularly Jimmy Walker's moderate estimate that Gertrude Ederle's channel swim was comparable to "Moses's crossing of the Red Sea, Caesar's crossing of the Rubicon, and Washington's crossing of the Delaware." What an age it was—and what would so many of us give to be back in it! . . .

A LETTER from Adolph Kroch, doyen of Chicago booksellers, amplifies the role he played in the Brentano reorganization:

In the second part of your "The Story of Brentano's" in *SRL* [Mar. 11] when you refer to me you merely mention that I "had a 20-per-cent interest in the deal but wearied of the frequent trips to New York and sold out a few years later to Griffis."

Now, Bennett, this may be short but also not so sweet. You don't seem to realize that Griffis very likely would not have obtained possession of Brentano's if it were not for my interest in reviving the old bankrupt firm.

A delegate of the publishers committee came specially to Chicago to induce me to take over the management of Brentano's. His power of persuasion stirred my imagination as well as an understandable sense of vanity. Publishers were offering me an opportunity to revive and rejuvenate an old firm, steeped in fine traditions, with an enviable record of many years of unique service to a discriminating reading public. I was pleased to have been approached to preserve an important outlet for my friends, the American publishers, who helped me to build my own business.

I accepted with the understanding that I be given a free hand in the reorganization. I really had not given a thought to any personal financial reward and bought for cash only 20 per cent of the issued stock.

For over three years I managed the business as executive vice president. I came to New York almost every week for two or three days, reorganized all the departments, closed down unprofitable outlets, made new arrangements with publishers, negotiated advantageous leases (including a Fifth Avenue entrance to the main store), and tried to instill the entire organization with more dynamic energy and an unflinching spirit of service to the reading public.

It was an uphill and oftentimes heartbreaking job and when I felt that my work was done and Brentano's was again on the road to preeminence in the world of books I withdrew from the New York field. During that entire period of some three years I did not accept any compensation for my services. Publishers entrusted me with a difficult job and I tried my very best not to disappoint them.

I wish to add that Griffis at all times gave me his fullest cooperation and I have great admiration for his sense of fairness and financial genius. Arthur Brentano proved himself to be a perfect gentleman in a difficult situation, which is not always easy.

What has been done with Chicago Brentano's, which I bought outright at the receivers' sale, is another interesting chapter. Here, again, was an essentially sound firm dying of malnutrition in spite of the fine efforts of its discouraged manager, Wendell Goodpasture. Given freedom from petty, shortsighted, mainstore bureaucracy, with a healthy shot of new capital and the inspiring prospect of success, Chicago Brentano's took a new lease on life.

Moved to a new, much better location, rebuilt and modernized, it became a vigorous, healthy competitor to Kroch's. As a result, both firms are trying to outgrow and outsell each other. With my son, Carl, at the helm of Kroch's and Goodpasture running Brentano's I can have more leisure to sit back and chuckle and to catch up on my reading. So here, Bennett Cerf, try and stop me. . . .

Who in the publishing world would have the temerity to try to stop Adolph Kroch? In my early days I had my share of arguments with Mr. Kroch—and lost every one of them. He has made more farewell appearances than Buffalo Bill, but seems to sense the fact that we can't get along without him. There's nothing wrong with the book business that a hundred Adolph Krochs couldn't cure!

—BENNETT CERF.

Three Poems

By Elinor Blanca Castendyk-Struve

Tulips

I LIKE the way tulips grow:
frank and straight,
like hungry cardinal or canary fledglings
with slim taut throats and gaping mouths
begging silently, prettily of the sun.

Wild Crocus Pip

Nut of beauty in burlap shell,
only the mighty earth can crack you!
Finding loveliness, only she
can divide it equally:
one dark day with the grateful worm,
one bright day with the bee.

Forsythia

As yet the trees but dream of leaves;
buds finger cautiously the air
your thousand rising suns have warmed.
After a snowless winter's gray,
how sweet the pain of your yellow glare!

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—*Saturday Review of Literature*

EVERYONE in the village heard the roar and the rumble of the falling cliff . . . people shouted that the hotel was "gone" . . . in the moonlight there was only a choking pall of dust . . .

The survivors sat talking all night . . . and, as people talk when they've had a shock, they said things they wouldn't have said at any other time, most astonishing things . . . how they had escaped . . . perhaps they told a great deal too much . . .

Out of this dramatic situation Miss Kennedy has created something new and interesting — a novel of a latent peril in people's lives and their sudden discovery of compassion and friendship, hidden fears and jealousies. It is a mirror of modern life, interpreted with humor and sound sense. $3.00

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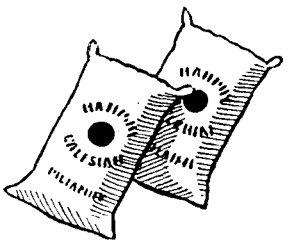
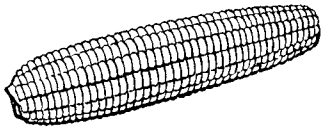
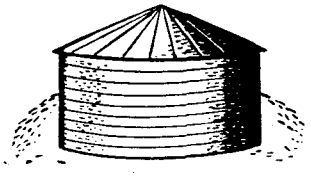


Millions of tons of commercial by-products such as wheat mill feeds, oilseed cake and meal, tankage and sugar beet pulp.



Approximately one-half of the country's enormous corn, and a sizable share of other feed grain crops such as oats and sorghums.



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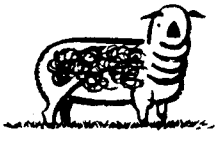
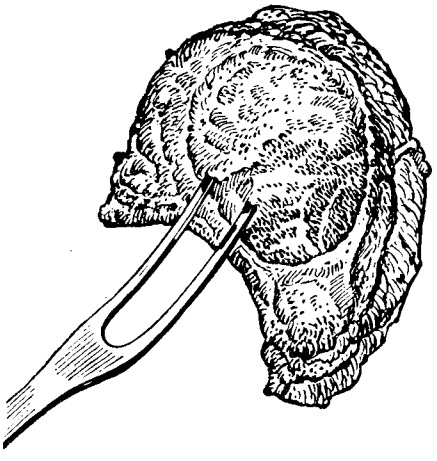
Cattle



Sheep and Lambs

INTO AMERICA'S FAVORITE PROTEIN FOOD

MEAT



Livestock growing helps the nation as a whole through restoration of the soil, by utilizing vast areas of land that would otherwise produce no food crops, and by converting products that would otherwise go to waste, into food for people.

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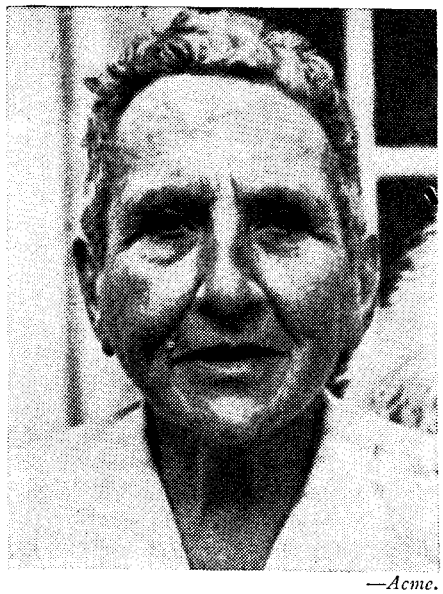
The Saturday Review of Literature

Fiction: A Lens on Life

WALLACE STEGNER

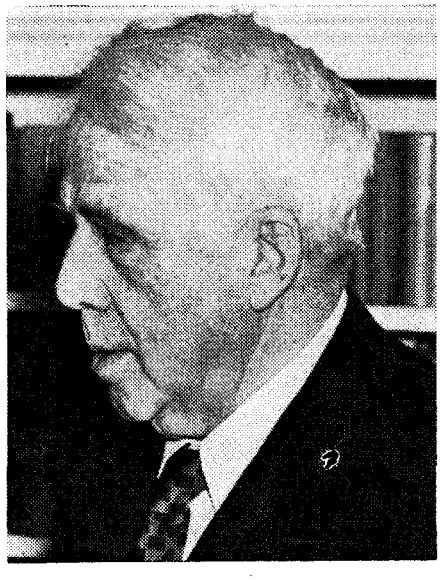
—*Paul Radkai.*

Ernest Hemingway: "No classic looks anything like any [preceding] it."



—*Acme.*

Gertrude Stein: "Every generation finds its own way of speaking out."



Robert Frost: "A writer is entitled to anything the reader can find in him."

THE EDITOR of a mass-circulation magazine once told me proudly that all through the Depression he had published not one story dealing with the Depression's peculiar problems. No unemployment, no flophouses, no breadlines, no despair. Nonfiction articles by the dozen dealt with these things, but stories and serials, no. Fiction was for fun, not for illumination. Fiction was phenobarbital, not benzedrine. And even "quality" magazines, which presumably have other views of fiction, are not entirely uninfluenced by considerations of escape. I have known such a magazine, one of the best published in the United States, to refuse a story that every editor on the staff was wildly enthusiastic about, and to refuse it only because it dealt with a woman dying of cancer. The magazine's audience contained a good many elderly women, and fiction should not touch their fears.

The kind of fiction which, approvingly or otherwise, may be called lies is outside the present discussion. It is fiction as truth that I am concerned with here, fiction that reflects experience instead of escaping it, that stimulates instead of deadening. Serious fiction, so called, is written by a different kind of writer and for a different audience. It differs in intention, in materials, in method, and in its final effect. If it entertains—as it must—it entertains at a higher intellectual and emotional level; if it deals in make-believe—as it likewise must—it creates a make-believe world in order to comment on the real one. Serious fiction is not necessarily great and not even necessarily literature because the talents of its practitioners may not be as dependable as their intentions. But all literature, including the great, will be written in this spirit.

The difference between the writer of serious fiction and the writer of escape entertainment is the clear difference between the artist and the craftsman. The one has the privilege and the faculty of original design; the other does not. The man who works from blueprints is a thoroughly respectable character but he is of another order from the man who makes the blueprints in the first place.

THE word "artist" is not a word I like. It has been adopted by crackpots and abused by pretenders and debased by people with talent but no humility. In its capital-A form it is the hallmark of that peculiarly repulsive sin of arrogance by which some practitioners of the arts retaliate for public neglect or compensate for personal inadequacy. I use it here only because there is no other word for the serious "maker" in words or stone or sound or colors.

Joseph Conrad once outlined the qualifications for the serious artist in a little essay called simply "Books." He said:

> A novelist who would think himself of a superior essence to other men would miss the first condition of his calling. To have the gift of words is no such great matter. A man furnished with a long-range weapon does not become a hunter or a warrior by the mere possession of a firearm; many other qualities of character and temperament are necessary to make him either one or the other. Of him from whose armory of phrases one in a hundred thousand may perhaps hit the far-distant and elusive mark of art I would ask that in his dealings with mankind he should be capable of giving a tender recognition to their obscure virtues. I would not have him impatient with their small failings and scornful of their errors. I would not have him expect too much gratitude from that humanity whose fate, as illustrated in individuals, it is open to him to depict as ridiculous or terrible. I would wish him

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to look with a large forgiveness at men's ideas and prejudices, which are by no means the outcome of malevolence, but depend on their education, their social status, even their professions. . . . I would wish him to enlarge his sympathies by patient and loving observation while he grows in mental power. It is in the impartial practice of life, if anywhere, that the promise of perfection for his art can be found, rather than in the absurd formulas trying to prescribe this or that particular method of technique or conception. Let him mature the strength of his imagination among the things of this earth . . .

It is the job of this serious artist to bring order where no order was before him or at least where his own special kind of order was not. He has for material the whole of his experience, actual and vicarious, and the wider and deeper it is, the better. The more it has hurt him, short of actual crippling, the better. The more he has enjoyed it the better. But this experience by which he estimates the experience of men at large is always disorderly and contradictory and in our times is apt to be an utter chaos. What he does to it is to shape it in patterns of words that are idea and image and character. Somewhere in the morass of his world he tramples out a foothold, or, to change the figure, he bounds the panoramic and bewildering view with his squared hands. The most inclusive vision is not necessarily his aim; it is the *clearest* vision he is after and this may involve squinting or shutting one eye or even bending over and looking at the view upside down through his spraddled legs, Japanese fashion. However he does it—and his method is his own business—he tries with every piece of fiction, even the slightest short story, to "create a world." The phrase is Conrad's, the job is the endlessly repeated and endlessly new job of every serious writer. Every piece of fiction is thus not the application of a formula, not a neat and workmanlike job of joining and fitting, not an exercise in cleverness, but a trial of the writer's whole understanding and a reflection of his whole feeling and knowing.

Because he writes fiction in order to reflect or illuminate life, his materials obviously must come out of life. These materials are people, places, things—especially people. If fiction isn't people it is nothing, and so any fiction writer is obligated to be to some degree a lover of his fellowmen, though he may, like the Mormon preacher, love some of them a damn sight better than others. The people of his stories and novels will be, inevitably but in altered shapes, the people he himself has known. The flimsy little protestations that mark the front gate of every novel, the solemn statements that any resemblance to real persons living or dead is entirely coincidental, are fraudulent every time. A writer has no other material to make his people from than the people of his experience. If there is no resemblance to any real person, living or dead, the character is going to be pretty unconvincing. The only thing the writer can do is to recombine parts, suppress some characteristics and emphasize others, put two or three people into one fictional character, and pray the real-life prototypes won't sue.

The fiction writer is an incorrigible lover of concrete *things*. He has to build fiction out of such materials as the hard knotting of anger in the solar plexus, the hollowness of a night street, the sound of poplar leaves. In a contentious preface to a recent Italian novel, Ernest Hemingway puts it for the whole tribe:

> A writer finds rain [by which he means reality] to be made of knowledge, experience, wine, bread, oil, salt, vinegar, bed, early mornings, nights, days, the sea, men, women, dogs, beloved motor cars, bicycles, hills and valleys, the appearance and disappearance of trains on straight and curved tracks . . . cock grouse drumming on a basswood log, the smell of sweetgrass and fresh smoked leather and Sicily.

BY his very profession a serious fiction writer is a vendor of the sensuous particulars of life, a perceiver and handler of things. His most valuable tools are his senses and his memory; what happens in his mind is primarily pictures. He is not ordinarily or ideally a generalizer, not a dealer in concepts, though some writers have tried to intellectualize fiction in this way under the impression that they were making it more respectable.

Ideas, of course, have a place in fiction, and any writer of fiction needs a mind. But ideas are not the best *subject matter* for fiction. They do not dramatize well. They are rather a by-product, something the reader himself is led to formulate after watching the story unfold. The ideas, the generalizations, ought to be implicit in the selection and arrangement of the people and places and actions. They ought to haunt a piece of fiction as a ghost flits past an attic window after dark.

—*Will Rothenstein.*

Joseph Conrad: "The gift of words is no great matter."

Any good piece of serious fiction is collected out of reality, and its parts ought to be vivid and true to fact and to observation. The parts are reassembled in such a way that the architecture, the shape of the action, is meaningful. And if the fiction is good enough that meaning will stretch; the building will throw a shadow longer than itself; the particular will become representative, general, symbolic, indefinitely applicable to other people, other situations. Robert Frost once remarked that a writer is entitled to anything the reader can find in him. The writer's meaning is thus not a single or inert thing. It expands, it becomes part of the living thought of its readers. And it is this capacity for generalized meaning that gives serious fiction its illuminating and liberating effect. But no fiction should be asked to state its meaning flatly, in conceptual terms, any more than a ghost should be called upon to come out and stand a physical examination.

The methods a writer uses to arrive at this kind of meaning are relatively unimportant except to himself. Different writers will always get their foothold in reality in different ways, different places. Every generation finds its own way of speaking out, says Gertrude Stein. No classic looks anything like any classic that has preceded it, says Hemingway. The im-

(*Continued on page* 32)

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Churchill & Roosevelt.

What American above the age of twenty can forget the anxious year that preceded Pearl Harbor? Those were the days when the collapse of Britain, the easy conquest of Soviet Russia, the triumph of Fascism everywhere seemed a real and dreadful possibility. In highly partisan books George Morgenstern ("Pearl Harbor: The Story of the Secret War") and the late Charles A. Beard ("President Roosevelt and the Coming of the War") tried to develop the thesis that FDR deliberately provoked the December 7 attack. Two volumes reviewed here comment on that charge, one directly, the other indirectly. Basil Rauch's "Roosevelt: From Munich to Pearl Harbor" is an historian's account of our foreign policy, while Winston S. Churchill's "The Grand Alliance," the third volume of his history of World War II, illuminates our cooperation with the British before our own entry.

War Problems of the High-Level

THE GRAND ALLIANCE. By Winston S. Churchill. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Co. 903 pp. $6.

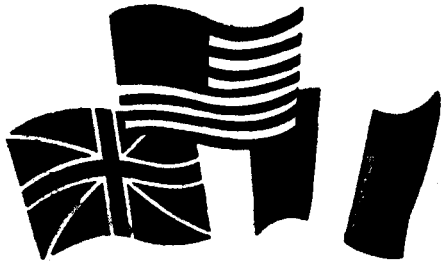
By Crane Brinton

WHAT more visionary and less historically minded men have called the United Nations Mr. Churchill calls the Grand Alliance. He does indeed specifically recognize the very great practical utility of the more hopeful and idealistic phrase at the time it was coined and applied early in 1942. But he apparently does not feel that the United Nations were in fact anything more than a coalition of the traditional sort, much like that Grand Alliance of 1701 against the traditional international villain of that time, France. Mr. Churchill knows that old war well through his study of the life of his great ancestor, John Churchill, Duke of Marlborough, who led the Grand Alliance to military victory, and he thinks and feels as though he had lived 250 years ago. Whether to think and feel so strongly for and in the past is a source of strength or weakness in a statesman must remain a matter of opinion.

At any rate, Mr. Churchill's stirring up of the ghost of the War of the Spanish Succession need trouble only the convinced adherent of a plan, or of several plans, for world government. For the seeker after historical uniformities—or portents—the comparison between the aftermath of World War I in the early eighteenth century and the aftermath of World War V in the mid-twentieth is not wholly discouraging. The members of the first Grand Alliance fell to quarreling among themselves after the victory—indeed, rather before the victory was altogether complete. The years after the treaty of Utrecht had patched up peace between France and England were years of cold wars which several times warmed up into local shooting wars, but after a decade of this sort of thing Europe settled down to one of its brief and infrequent but very real periods of peace and stability under the leadership of two lovers of peace, Walpole and Fleury.

Only in its title does this third volume of Mr. Churchill's memoirs of the last war evoke such historical analogies. In its contents this volume follows the pattern set by the first two. Mr. Churchill writes from his own position at the center of the war effort of the British Commonwealth and Empire a broad survey of the problems confronting what are known in Washingtonese as "high-level policy makers" and the various solutions given these problems as the stress of events worked on the policy makers. He quotes liberally from his own official papers, often citing them in entirety, as when he prints the four surveys of the world situation he prepared in the course of his first conference with Roosevelt after Pearl Harbor. Two long appendices contain those of his personal minutes and telegrams he has not woven into the texture of his narrative.

This volume covers the year 1941 and the first two weeks of 1942. It begins with Wavell's capture of Bardia on the frontier of Libya and it ends with Mr. Churchill's sudden decision to fly direct from Bermuda to England in the flying boat that had brought him from Washington to Bermuda to embark on the *Duke of York*. The beginning is an admirable survey of the way the war looked after the failure of the Germans in their first all-out air attack on Britain. The end is an admirable example of Mr. Churchill's imperious habit of command. Surely no American chief of state could ever cut the web of precautions with which we surround American majesty and fly off on an unplanned transatlantic crossing.



In between these Mr. Churchill manages to have something to say about all phases of the war, which by 1941 had penetrated to nearly every part of the world. He is at his best when he gets a chance at naval history, and the account in this volume of the pursuit and kill of the *Bismarck* was evidently written with loving enthusiasm. He is almost as good, and probably closer to the interests of most of his readers, on the great meetings of the leaders, of which that at Placentia Bay (the Atlantic Charter) and that at Washington just after Pearl Harbor are covered at length in this volume. Mr. Churchill, by the way, is no cynic. He believed in the Atlantic Charter, probably not quite in the same way Mr. Roosevelt believed in it, but still with a sound, orthodox, Anglo-Saxon belief that it's much better to say nice things than naughty things. In this volume, at least, Mr. Churchill by no means appears as the defender of the attack on the "soft underbelly" of the Axis and the opponent of a direct landing in Northern France. Quite the contrary. "Round-up" and "Overlord" throw shadows before them all through this volume.

Mr. Churchill is a very distinguished historian. These memoirs, however, are not quite history in the grand style, and indeed Mr. Churchill has in several of his introductions pointed out that he is not trying to write such history. For one thing, he has too many lumps of what the historian calls "source material" deliberately interrupting the narrative. These are rather very superior memoirs, beautifully organized, written with eloquence where eloquence fits, with shrewd sense of reality throughout, focused, like Mr. Churchill's own emotional loyalty, first on England, then on Britain, then on the Commonwealth and Empire. They lack the breadth and sweep of the greatest history. And no matter what admirers say, Mr. Churchill is no Thucydides. If you think he is, reread the Milian Dialogue and then read Mr. Churchill's account of how the British and the Russians handled Persia in 1941.

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Refuting the Isolationist Thesis

ROOSEVELT: From Munich to Pearl Harbor. By Basil Rauch. New York: Creative Age Press. 527 *pp.* $4.50.

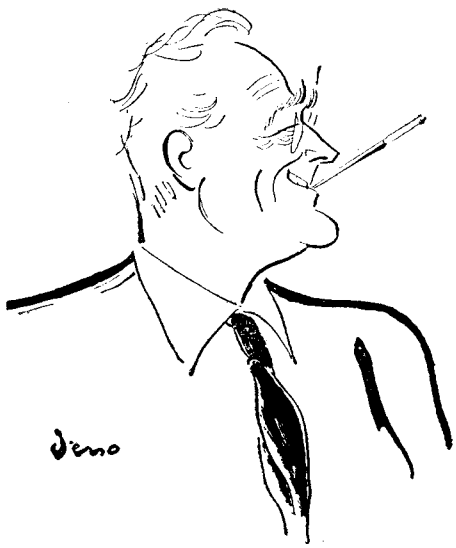
By Walter Johnson

FROM Munich to Pearl Harbor were grim, turbulent days for the peoples of the Western democracies. It is difficult to realize that it is now nearly ten years since Norway, Denmark, the Low Countries, and France were overrun by the Nazi armies and Great Britain was left alone to fight the threat of German domination of the world.

These epochal events destroyed the smug, self-satisfied attitude of many in America that a war in Europe was no threat to the United States. Under the impact of Hitler's victories, Britain's gallant stand, and President Roosevelt's imaginative leadership, the American people shifted from the isolationism of the mid-1930's to support of a program of ever-increasing aid to the Allies.

Professor Basil Rauch, of Barnard College, with skill and insight traces the evolution of President Roosevelt's own belief in collective security from 1933 to Pearl Harbor. The author shows that after Munich in 1938 the President subordinated domestic reform to the international crisis and guided a sometimes confused people into world leadership.

Relying entirely on published books and documents, Mr. Rauch also has written a detailed description of American foreign policy from Munich to Pearl Harbor with emphasis on such events as the revision of the Neutrality Act in 1939, the release of the over-age destroyers to Great Britain, the 1940 Presidential campaign, the Vichy policy, lend-lease, the Atlantic convoy system, and Japanese-American relations in the months just before Pearl Harbor. Mr. Rauch explains in his introduction that he had intended to write a purely factual account of American foreign relations but that the isolationist charge that President Roosevelt plotted to lead the United States into war when the Axis leaders desired to avoid war, changed the entire focus of the book. "My examination of the evidence," Rauch writes, "convinced me that their thesis is based on omissions, distortions, and falsifications. Therefore I abandoned my original plan and turned to write not merely a factual account of events, but also a point-by-point refutation of the isolationist thesis, and to present the internationalist argument in favor of President Roosevelt's conduct of foreign relations."



—From "The Future in Perspective."

Franklin Delano Roosevelt — "as ingenious as Abraham Lincoln."

There is no doubt that the author presents excellent material to refute the absurd statements in George Morgenstern's "Pearl Harbor: The Story of the Secret War" and the more subtle distortion of the record in Charles A. Beard's "American Foreign Policy in the Making" and "President Roosevelt and the Coming of the War." Professor Rauch's handling of the evidence covering the days and weeks just prior to December 7, 1941, is a most convincing repudiation of the charge that the President deliberately provoked the attack on Pearl Harbor.

"Roosevelt from Munich to Pearl Harbor" is a well-written, interesting, but sometimes exasperating book. Why did Mr. Rauch have to drag the Yalta Conference into his story and then state that by the time of Yalta the Rhine had been crossed and victory in Europe was certain? The Rhine was not crossed until about two weeks after Yalta, and the American military at Yalta was not certain when the European war would end. Why, too, did Mr. Rauch write that "the late Dr. Charles A. Beard is the only historian who has written on the process by which the nation abandoned isolationism and turned to internationalism"? There are several others that come to mind immediately.

It is clear from the events from Munich to Pearl Harbor that President Roosevelt was as ingenious as Abraham Lincoln had been in an earlier crisis in inventing devices to preserve the nation. Lend-lease and the exchange of the over-age destroyers, to mention only two of the more important inventions, place Roosevelt in the first rank of Presidents who have known how to act in a crisis. Mr. Roosevelt also had a keen sense of public opinion and an uncanny ability to steer the public behind his policies. Although Mr. Rauch understands Mr. Roosevelt's ability at top-level negotiations he largely ignores in "Roosevelt: From Munich to Pearl Harbor" the President's skill in molding public opinion on the question of aid to the Allies. Although the President relied on many channels to guide public opinion, one of the most important was William Allen White's Committee to Defend America by Aiding the Allies. Mr. Rauch devotes only two brief sentences to this Committee, and yet much of the pressure put on Congress in 1940 to support the President's program was the result of this Committee's work. Foreign policy is not fashioned in a vacuum and historians of American foreign policy must begin to pay more attention to the dynamics of public opinion if they want their writings to be completely meaningful.

Walter Johnson, a member of the history department at the University of Chicago, is author of "William Allen White's America" and edited the late Edward R. Stettinius's book "Roosevelt and the Russians."

Of and By FDR

COLLECTING FIRST EDITIONS OF FRANKLIN ROOSEVELT: Contributions to an F. D. R. Bibliography, by Ernest J. Halter. Privately printed in Chicago for subscribers. $26. Franklin D. Roosevelt first appeared in print on October 29, 1900, on page one of the *Harvard Crimson.* His baptismal offering was headed "President Eliot Declares for McKinley." It was a clean scoop. Six months later—on April 30, 1901—he scored another: "Vice President Roosevelt to Lecture in Government I." Nineteen years later still, our author, now a seasoned professional with a dozen or more published papers about the Navy to his credit, wrote a *Saturday Evening Post* piece called "Can the Vice President Be Useful?" It was a question which FDR would never be able to answer out of personal experience. And the only Roosevelt who ever did get to be Vice President could have spoken out of an experience of only six months.

Those two *Crimson* stories, Mr. Halter admits, really do not belong in his book, but he could not resist including them. His rules are rigid but sensible. He lists books, pamphlets, and leaflets concerned wholly or mainly with FDR, those books and pamphlets with FDR's name in the title or subtitle, magazines containing material by FDR, and books and whatnot containing material by FDR "of gen-

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eral interest or permanent value." Even with these restrictions, his roster extends to 919 units.

This is designedly a book for FDR collectors, who are already sufficiently numerous to have their own association and their own magazine. But its usefulness goes far beyond the technical conveniences of collector interest. It is the springboard from which all subsequent research into FDR source materials will have to take off. Industry, judgment, and devotion have gone into its compilation, and to these Mr. Halter adds a virtue which is not universal among bibliographers—to wit, modesty. He does not look upon his accomplishment as definitive; he is content to have not the last word, but the first. For convenience, every unit listed has been assigned a number, but the number in every instance is preceded by a T. The T stands for Temporary.

Here, in as complete array as Mr. Halter has been able to muster them, are not only the biographies, the state papers, the tributes, and all the ephemera of adulation, but also the haters and the detractors, neatly embalmed in perpetuity. Here is "From Belshazzar to Roosevelt," by W. Lloyd Clark, published at Milan, Illinois, which charges that FDR "broke every campaign promise he made the people except the repeal of the Eighteenth Amendment, which act opened 700,000 booze dives as schools of crime and anarchy and producers of misery and poverty." Here is Elizabeth Dilling's "Christians, Awaken! FDR Orders Bible Changes" (Chicago, 1943), which Mr. Halter characterizes as "a disjointed harangue." Here are the works, presumably complete, of C. M. Garland, "Roosevelt ! ! ! Is He Greater Than Washington ? ? ?" (1940) and "The Great American Fraud. A Study of the Roosevelt Regime" (1944). Here is Robert Caldwell Patton, "in collaboration with Charles King," with "Roosevelt for King. 'Royalist Party' of America," issued at New York by His Majesty's Ink-Slingers, Inc., in 1937. They are all present, accompanied, in most instances, by a brief characterization by Mr. Halter, who appraises them judiciously and with even temper.

Judge Samuel I. Rosenman contributes a brief foreword disavowing any interest in first editions, but asserting a lively interest in FDR material in any edition. And he adds: "This bibliography is interesting and valuable to all those who, like me, are trying to gather together what the President wrote and what has been written or is being written about him." That is precisely what this book fulfills, allowing for the limitations inherent in the task. —JOHN T. WINTERICH.

Fiction.

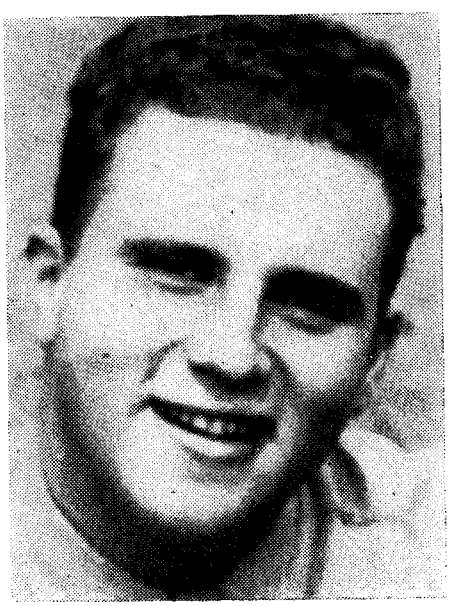
In many ways the most interesting of the books reviewed this week is William Saroyan's "The Twin Adventures." Mr. Saroyan's genius and his sympathy for the downtrodden little people were outstanding products of the Depression. Since the war he has been somewhat unpredictable. "The Twin Adventures" contains his peculiarly irritating, charming war novel, "The Adventures of Wesley Jackson," and for the first time in literature, as far as we know, a long diary of everything the author did, thought, and ate while he was writing it. Arthur Fields's "World Without Heroes" is an honest and dramatic story of what happened to an American rifle squad engaged in what was known as mopping up Germans at the end of the war. We also recommend "The Wedding," by Hana Stein, an emotional and finely written novel about a day in the life of a Jewish family in New York's Lower East Side, and L. P. Hartley's "The Boat," a deft and amusing tale of rural life in England during the war.

Calculated, Methodized Murder

WORLD WITHOUT HEROES. By Arthur C. Fields. New York: Whittlesey House. 271 *pp.* $3.

By SIEGFRIED MANDEL

WARS have had their commentators in two main streams, from Euripides to Hemingway and from Thucydides to Churchill. Every historian and artist in some measure has recreated a slice of history and of life, but each stream has different values and perspectives. It would be futile to ransack literature from "The Trojan Women" to "For Whom the Bell Tolls" for an answer to the question of "why war?" Literature at best can recreate only the human and inhuman dimensions of war. This is the main accomplishment of Arthur C. Fields's provocative first novel, "World Without Heroes."



Arthur C. Fields: "Mankind has not grasped the immensity of self-destruction."

Mr. Fields points out that "mankind had not grasped the immensity of self-destruction," and the terror of the world situation lies in the fact that the scars of war heal so quickly, allowing men to forget what they have done. What is particularly pleasing about this novel is that there is a minimum of freighted sermonizing, which usually bores the reader and consequently wastes the message. The sermon is implicit within the novel.

In "World Without Heroes" war is very much like life back home: competitiveness, subtleties of persecution, problems of survival. Yet there is the difference that in war all the competitive and survival factors are brought into sharp focus and the process of calculated murder is scientifically methodized. The subject of the novel is the experiences of an American rifle-squad taking part in the mopping-up of World War II German Army units engaged in their last frantic combat tactics. With unusual skill and clarity Mr. Fields bares the psychology of men under fire, plodding from one exhausting combat situation to another. Here is a group of men who, unlike civilians, have no choice of associations—they can avoid neither each other nor the enemy. Their backgrounds and sensitivities are vastly different and come into edged conflict as the action of the novel moves through well-planned, intense incidents.

Joe Slate is the rifle-squad leader, whose hard-boiled, merciless attitude and brutal efficiency intimidate the men about him. It is impossible to communicate with him except on a

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level of vulgar bravado, which drives infantryman Bruce Kingsley's kind feelings inward, where they fester until he commits a shocking though legal murder. Captain McCormick heightens the ill-feelings and tension with parade-ground discipline and textbook tactics which send his men to senseless slaughter.

One of the best things in the book is the character creation of Christy Christopolous, the raucous medic whose heart and sentiment are constantly at the tip of his tongue: ". . . someone's gotta tell 'em about war besides them goddam historians"—and Christy proceeds to do so. His version of war comes from the heat of battle, rather than the heat of magnificent verbosity and, from where this reviewer stands, the pungent, human, compassionate outbursts of Christy are at least as valuable as the cathedral prose of Churchill.

"World Without Heroes" slowly crawls under the reader's skin, excites, horrifies, and builds up to a climactic fury when, in a nightmare atmosphere, all the pressures of hatred and fear of combat combine to drive men mad with killing. Mr. Fields obviously bases much of the descriptive details on his own experiences during the last war. But where many others have failed he has managed to write an honest, eloquent, and dramatic novel.

Vigil in a Ghost Town

MOON GAP. By Ann Chidester. New York: Doubleday & Co. 254 pp. $2.75.

By Christine Noble Govan

ONCE Moon Gap had been a thriving boom town. That was when gold could be found there and the people who mined it lived in a kind of isolated luxury. There was a lively social life then. People drove about in bright painted carriages, ate with heavy silver, and drank from cut-glass goblets. They entertained, and the social history of a small but intensely alive place was warmly created. But the mine petered out, gradually the people left, and only the skeletons of the houses, stores, and other buildings and the great dark gap in the pinkish sandy waste showed where all this grand living had taken place. Only one man, a man with a stubborn faith and a completely self-centered ambition, remained to keep vigil over the mine he would not believe depleted.

This was Miles King, whose wife had long since died of boredom and weariness in the drab, deserted town. With him were his three children—Cassie, a grave and sensitive young woman; Eddie, who had a foot as restless as the hands that picked at his guitar strings, and Rosalie, who was as affectionate and amoral as the animals who had been her childhood playmates.

Only Cassie had been away from the mine, had seen the outside world. Love had come by, taken Cassie, and deserted her. The experience had done a lot for Cassie. Most of all it had opened her eyes to the grim inadequacies of Moon Gap.

The story opens with Cassie's return. Because she has no other place to hide and because she feels her lover, having found her here once, may look here for her again, she comes home to await him. Her father's anger, their antagonism, strikes the harder because the two are something alike. Both have the grit to wait for the thing they want most, both have a native intelligence, and both have a tie with the past that was once so glamorous, so promising.

Modern science, in the person of a young man looking for uranium, releases Eddie and Rosalie to pursue their sensual and feckless ways. But Cassie, waiting and developing in unexpected tangents—like one of the desert's cactuses putting out bright flowers at its thorny joints—takes her share of the money and tries to reconstruct something of the past, which has now become an ideal to her.

She stages a feud with the gophers, the snakes, and the bears who are taking over the town for their own. Through reading her mother's diary and visiting the empty houses to recapture the sounds and the colors of the past, she rebuilds a background and a sense of some importance. The feud between Cassie and her father—a feud of ethics and of age against youth—is dissipated when he nurses her through a dark and terrible illness which her waiting and self-searching have brought about. Understanding at last something of his strength as well as his weaknesses, they stand together against the encroaching wilderness bound by a common faith.

While "Moon Gap" may not be a deep or important book, it is a most interesting one. It has a haunting quality, which Cassie's night roamings and the intrusion of the past enhance. There is definite suspense in which the desert, sinister and overwhelming, and the animals, vicious and furtive, play a large and positive part. The style is somewhat poetic and, though the author's touch is light, the feeling created is inescapable and the impact of the story moving and somehow lovely.

Christine Noble Govan is author of more than a dozen mystery stories and books for children.

Your Literary I.Q.

By Howard Collins

AUTHORS IN HIDING

Mrs. William J. Griffin, of Nashville, is the author of this week's quiz, in which each of the following items contains a description of the surnames of a pair of authors. How many pairs can you identify? Allowing five points for each pair, a score of sixty is par, seventy is very good, and eighty or better is excellent. Answers on page 26.

1. Both are points of the compass.
2. One is a British monetary unit, the other electrical units.
3. One is a less than respectable woman; the other is the thing she is supposed to provide.
4. One causes astonishment, the other suffering.
5. One is a housewifely occupation, the other occupational hazards of it.
6. Both traveled to Canterbury.
7. One is a kind of coat, the other the man who makes it.
8. One is what should not be paid to a kidnapper, the other a man who should help catch him.
9. One does not save; the other does not ride.
10. One is a voting unit, the other a governmental unit.
11. One is a quick way to send news, the other a man from whom local news can often be obtained.
12. Both are rivers.
13. One abounds in rabbits, the other their lodging places.
14. One is a staple food, the other common drinks.
15. One is a domestic animal, the other a predatory animal.
16. One opens a door; the other is what a window shuts onto.
17. Both are necessary for burial.
18. One kills plants; the other is organized to kill animals.
19. One resembles a heron, the other a swallow.
20. Both are areas of open ground.

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Portrait of the Artist at His Typewriter

THE TWIN ADVENTURES. By William Saroyan. New York: Harcourt, Brace & Co. 510 pp. $3.

By HOLLIS ALPERT

TUESDAY, MARCH 21, 1950
THE BROADWAY ARMS HOTEL
NEW YORK
10:42 A.M.

MAILMAN just brought a book by Saroyan, and I am to review it for *SRL*. I will give myself exactly one week to read and write the review of this book, and it has occurred to me that it might very well benefit posterity to give an exact and honest and truthful and beautiful account of how a review gets to be written. I notice, not too coincidentally, that Saroyan has done something similar with his book. The book contains "The Adventures of Wesley Jackson," which appeared in 1946 and along with it a 225-page diary kept while the book was being written in exactly thirty-three days. "Never before," says the publisher's blurb, "has the writing of a novel been so meticulously documented." A tangential thought occurs to me: fiction writers seem to be spending a lot of time these days telling how they write and how a book gets written. Saroyan does go farther than most, for he tells of all he thought, did, said, and ate, and includes the details of a rather severe cold that hit him in the middle of his task. Don't see why a reviewer shouldn't do the same sort of thing. Especially since reviewers are at least as numerous as novelists, maybe more so. Have not yet read beyond the jacket, but I have loosened the back binding of the book, so the pages will turn more easily.

Eleven hours and nine minutes later,
9:51 P.M.

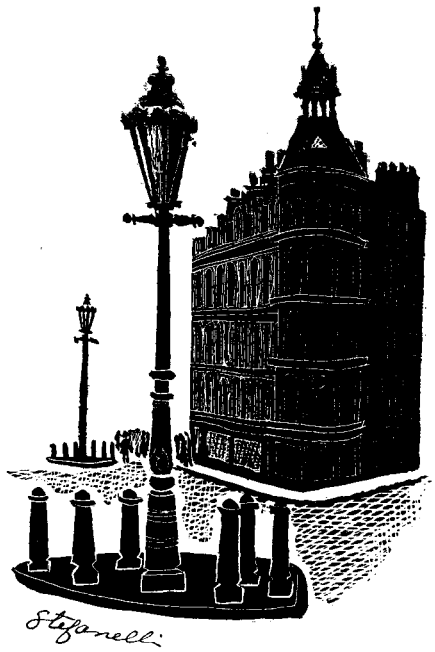
Have read forty-seven pages of "The Adventures of William Saroyan" and six of the seventy-six chapters of "Wesley Jackson." In between I had a lunch of fried eggs, a cup of reheated coffee from this morning's pot, three slices of whole-wheat toast (one of which was badly burned) and half of an over-ripe grapefruit I happened to find in a box I keep outside my hotel window. By the way, fried the eggs on an electric burner the hotel doesn't know about. Later, had supper at Bill and Jerry's with Gertrude Priss, who, when I mentioned Saroyan, said he had always been a favorite writer of hers. We agreed that he has written some of the best short stories in the language, and I promised her the book after I'd finished it. "How do you like it?" Gertrude asked. "Well," I said, "Saroyan keeps getting hungry all the time and he feels it's important to tell you exactly what he ate, how much he paid for it, and how it tasted while writing the novel." "I wonder," Gertrude said, with a faraway look in her eyes, "if Armenian writers like to eat more than other people." "Don't know," I replied, giving her a blank look.

WEDNESDAY, MARCH 22, 1950
5:17 A.M.

Couldn't sleep, I was so obsessed with my idea of writing an exact and honest and truthful and beautiful account of how a review comes to be written. Gave up the attempt to fall asleep around 4:00 A.M., turned on my bed lamp, and picked up the Saroyan book. Nibbled at a box of graham crackers I always keep at my bedside. Notice that Saroyan gripes a lot about the necessity of a WRITER being in the Army. Couldn't keep myself from thinking: well, not bad, being able to have a month to write a novel for the Government (Herbert Agar's idea, evidently—he was head of OWI in London) while staying at the Savoy Hotel. Not only that, if he finishes the novel Agar promises to send him home. Saroyan, though, wants to do God's book at the same time (the diary) in case the novel doesn't turn out to be much. Having read further in "Wesley Jackson" I share his fears. Though now and then you get a touch of the real Saroyan. The part about Wesley on guard duty is funny, touching, and sort of beautiful all at once.

FRIDAY, MARCH 24, 1950
5:35 P.M.

Gertrude Priss just called and wanted to know how I was getting on with the Saroyan book. Told her that I doubted if Saroyan's method of writing *this* novel ought to be encouraged. For one thing, the high cost of the food bill. For another, the book seems



to have gotten out of hand. Wesley has about as lugubrious a romance with a girl in London as I have ever come across. Also, the battle scenes and the description of a German prisoner-of-war camp seem to me, putting it mildly, to be highly out of touch with the facts. (My typewriter just made a funny noise—found I'd dropped an apple core in the works by mistake. No real damage.) Too many people only vaguely developed. Notice one noble character called, simply, The Writer. Suspect him to be based on Saroyan himself, although I may be wrong, because no one, not even a writer, could possibly be such a saint. Just drank a glass of gin and apricot nectar, my favorite drink. Warmed me up, and feel the pages of the book will blur pleasantly as I go on.

MONDAY, MARCH 27, 1950
2:28 A.M.

Well, finished reading both "Adventures." Came home an hour and a half ago after attending a party with Gertrude Priss, who went around telling everyone I wrote reviews for *SRL* and that I was now working on the Saroyan book. No one came up to shake my hand, but what the hell. Was intrigued by Saroyan's description of a meeting with T. S. Eliot and interesting fact came to light that Eliot did jacket blurbs for the Saroyan books published in England. Best parts of diary deal with the people he met and talked to in London and surprising how much more sharply they come through than his characters do in the novel. Kept wondering if Agar really *did* send him home, because nowhere is this mentioned. Maybe I shouldn't worry about it. Might go out and buy myself some tangerines and alligator pears instead.

SOLUTION OF LAST WEEK'S DOUBLE-CROSTIC (No. 838)

G. M. TREVELYAN:
BIAS IN HISTORY

(An Essay)

It is false History, distorted by propagandists, that makes fanaticism. And since History is our interpretation of human affairs in the past, it could not exist without bias. But with a wrong bias, it can be gravely distorted.

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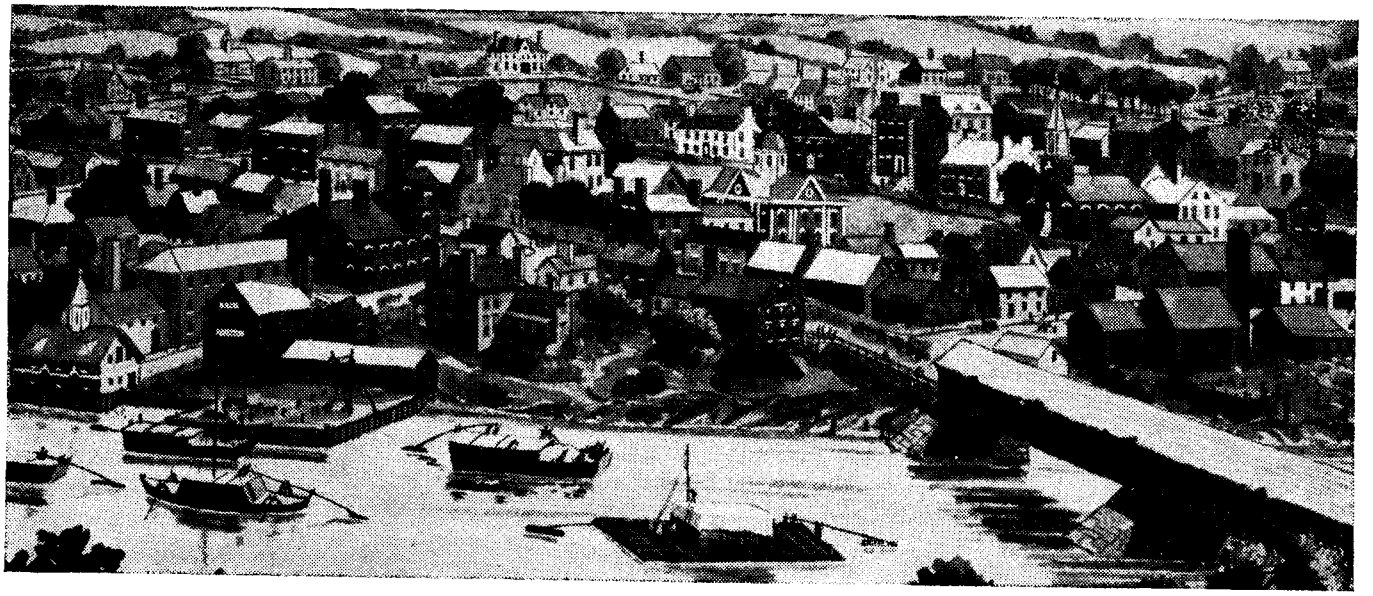

—From the book jacket.

Pioneer Woman in Americus Mansion

THE TOWN. By Conrad Richter. New York: Alfred A. Knopf. 433 pp. $3.50.

By Harriette Simpson Arnow

IT IS DIFFICULT to write of the "The Town" without remembering back to "The Woods" and "The Fields," for the three comprise a trilogy bound by at least two inextricably knotted threads of story: first, that of Sayward Luckett Wheeler's life itself, which stretches from the Revolution to the Civil War; second, the story of the growth of a part of our country from virgin forest to industrial city.

In the opening pages of "The Town" we find Sayward, now past child-bearing age, her older children going out for themselves, still living in her cabin among the stumpy fields of her frontier farm on the river. Portius, her lawyer husband, nimble witted and learned as ever, seems less out of place here than in the earlier days, for as life becomes more complex there is an ever-growing need for a man of his talents.

No longer do Sayward and her people work and live and die in the shadows of the tall timber, for the "big butts" like the Indians have been cleared away. The War of 1812 has come and gone; even the fields are passing; much of Sayward's land has already been subdivided into building lots for the flourishing village of Moonshine Church, which in time outgrows not only its old boundaries but its name as well and becomes Americus.

Perfectionists and those who insist that a novel should have form and balance and plot may find much to criticize in this work. Even the title is not exactly accurate since it is hardly the story of a town. We never see the life of the town as we did that of the woods and the fields.

Few of the characters achieve any degree of reality. Even Sayward's children, no matter in what manner they distinguish themselves, be it as adultress or governor, are difficult to keep identified. Important only as Sayward's children, we know they are there but we never see them or feel them. Chancey, the baby one, through whose eyes much of the story is told as he grows from a fearful, heart-palpitating child into a "copperhead" editor, stands out more clearly than do the others. Yet we see him forever as Sayward's youngest, not as a man against the backdrop of the world. Even Portius is less a man whole and complete than Sayward's husband, though his bastard daughter, Rosa Tench, and her once pretty, book-loving mother are characters not easily forgotten. The tragic and beautiful love affair between the unenlightened Rosa and her half brother Chancey is one of the most poignant things we have read in a long while.

There are scenes of sorrow, humor, and excitement; but overshadowing everything like a tall tree in a meadow is Sayward herself. And that is the way we feel it should be. We sorrow for her old age alone in the fine brick mansion in the heart of the city that flourishes where her corn once grew. We have known her for eighty years. When we leave her, revered and respected by the town, but dying within sound of the new-fangled trains, her face turned so that she may see the trees she had set—for Sayward a hater and destroyer of trees in her youth, grew to love them in her old age—we feel a personal loss. Something is gone not so easily replanted as a tree. Sayward had grown up in and so had come to believe in a hard-working, classless society where each received according to his talents. She was as kindly to the Indian who came to her door as to her Bay-State sister-in-law, for above all things she seems to have believed in the inherent importance of man as an individual. Courageous with a courage that rose above the purely physical, grim, hard-working, thrifty, religious, honest and moral, but tolerant of beliefs other than her own, she might almost stand for a symbol of the pioneer woman. Maybe she is, but more than that she has at least for this reviewer become flesh and blood, an acquaintance, not a characterization in a book.

FRASER YOUNG'S LITERARY CRYPT: No. 357

A cryptogram is writing in cipher. Every letter is part of a code that remains constant throughout the puzzle. Answer No. 357 will be found in the next issue.

KGENTITNL YTNWHON

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—GEKITBW RSHPGSAB

Answer to Literary Crypt No. 356

He who dallies is a dastard; he who doubts is damned.

—George McDuffie.

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Shattering Nuptials

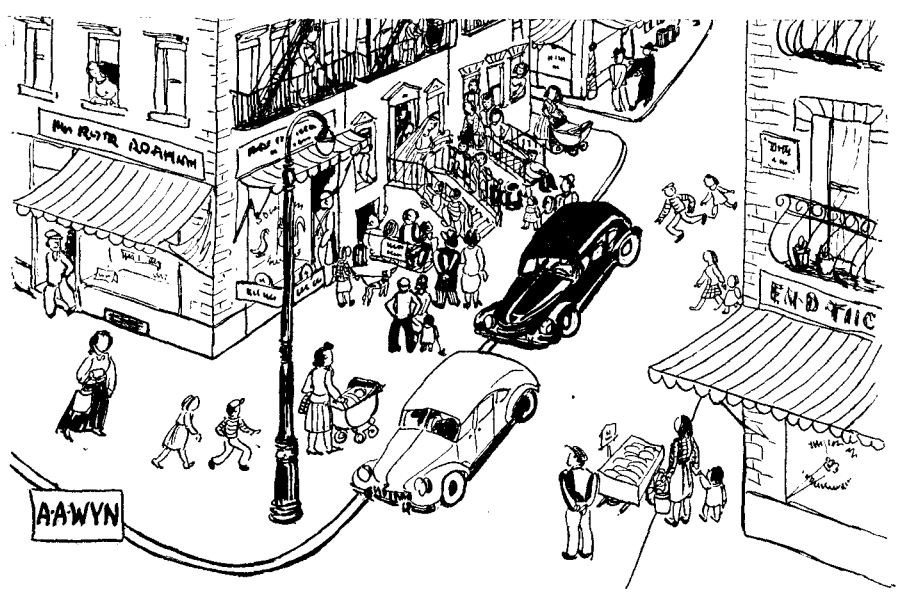
THE WEDDING. By Hana Stein. New York: A. A. Wyn. 250 pp. $2.75.

By Nathan L. Rothman

ONE DAY in the life of a Jewish family—a day of transcendent meaning, a wedding day—is traversed in the course of Hana Stein's novel. The novel, like the day, is swept by cross-currents of fierce emotional experience; it is as though on this appointed day every conflict in the lives of the Weinbergers, the mother and her two elder daughters, must come at last to focus and to cast its full revealing light upon the festive household, the gathered guests, the wedding cakes. The walls of the dark East Side tenement apartment seem to buckle with the pressure of old and new passions greater than they can contain, and the three women also are possessed, carried quite beyond themselves, by the emotions released this day.

First and always at the back of Mama Weinberger's mind is the pain of irrevocable loss—the thought of David Weinberger, the father, who was taken from his family by untimely death. Her thoughts turn to him helplessly now, for surely David would have known how to meet the many questions that trouble her now. It is a day of promise for Bea, who is to marry Alex Leff. But it is a day of agony and rebellion for Molly, Bea's older sister. Molly has been married and has now returned to the household, for her husband has left her and is nowhere to be found. Until his appearance a divorce, under the old Jewish tenet, is impossible. Molly must remain young and desirous and alone and unsatisfied. So she faces her sister's wedding day consumed by ambivalent emotions, glad for Bea, bitter for herself, resentful at the trick of life and the law of her people that conspire against her. Molly runs from the house to meet a lover forbidden to her. Mama Weinberger must hold the strings of this shattering day together: prepare Bea and keep her happy; bring Molly back with prayer and argument; meet the Leffs of Riverside Drive and adjust the old familiar strains of two families facing one another, in love and hostility, across the marriage hall; and face her own personal conflict, too. For her husband's friend, Hymie, wishes to marry her and she knows she must decide it now or lose him; a man will not wait too long, not one as lusty and lonely as Hymie. Bea's marriage, Molly's agony, Mama's dilemma, the wedding, the noises in the street, the cries of the celebrants, the ceremonial breaking of the glass, and the chant of the rabbi — all these are drawn together and mingled to make the essence of the day.

It is a feat of artistic unity. Hana Stein has performed it beautifully, with an urgent emotion of her own that suffuses this first novel of hers. It has not been done without some cost. This surfeit of feeling, personal or supra-personal, as of a larger racial experience, has drained the Weinbergers of most other distinctive qualities. They exist as vessels of feeling. They are personae in the old dramatic sense, almost like masks through which speak the sometimes indistinguishable, sometimes anonymous voices of folk-emotion, folk-personality. The particular line of this narrative sometimes wears thin and blurs out. I would add that this is no great matter. One value is substituted for another. The book as a unit is unshakably good, a fine evocation of a Jewish experience.



—From the jacket of "The Wedding."

Upton-on-the-Swirrel

THE BOAT. By L. P. Hartley. New York: Doubleday & Co. 540 pp. $3.50.

By Richard McLaughlin

WHEN it comes to writing about rural life perhaps English novelists are best equipped to deal with it in terms of social comedy. L. P. Hartley proves himself here to be a master of this particular literary genre. He appears to have all the necessary qualifications for spinning an engaging yarn plus wisdom, wit, and a graceful urbanity that we will not find anywhere else, unless we go back to the novels of Elizabeth or very early Angela Thirkell or centuries back to the humanistic eighteenth-century writers like Fielding.

"The Boat," the third novel of Mr. Hartley's to be published in this country, is certain to gain him that attention to which he has long been entitled. It is the kind of novel many of us have been waiting for; it can be read purely on an entertainment level as an immensely readable, neatly plotted tale of love and death and politics against the deceivingly placid background of rural England during the war, or it can be more closely examined for its penetrating, sardonic commentary on the heart's desperate enchantments and the loneliness of the human spirit wandering disconsolately in its modern waste land.

The English rural village with its rectory, its manor house, its cranks, local bumpkins, and snobbish landowning and county families may be entirely familiar to most of us, but viewed through the fresh, vigorous, exploratory mind of a writer of Mr. Hartley's civilized good humor it becomes something more than a subject for satire or broad caricature. Indeed, the keenness of his eye and the subtlety of his imagination combine to capture the inner and outer beauty of individuals at the same time as he weighs, with rational shrewdness, mankind's leveling capacities for doing good and evil. Without this gift for rationalization I don't suppose Mr. Hartley could ever have turned a theme so earmarked for tragedy into such a tender, often whimsical romance. Had Barrie ever dreamed of making wraithlike Mary Rose stand for a symbol of some self-deluded Egeria in modern social or political life this is perhaps the way he would have treated the whole thing. Certainly he would see to it, as Mr. Hartley does, that the women would find in death what the men could never hope to find while they lived. All of which leads us to believe that there must be

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a strong Celtic strain in the author of "The Boat."

The hero of this tale is Timothy Casson, a shy, genial, middle-aged bachelor and writer who after eighteen years in Italy settles down in a sleepy West Country rural community picturesquely called Upton-on-the-Swirrel. He seems to have chosen this remote spot not only to escape the war, for he is too old to feel patriotically implicated, but to house his boat, the sailing of which offers him a release that he can barely explain to himself. Acclimated to warmer, more relaxing living conditions, naturally Timothy feels his neighbors' social freeze-out acutely, so that he sets about wearing down their reserve with a campaign which, for want of careful planning, borders on disaster nearly all the way. His rash whim to row his boat down the Swirrel becomes a cause célèbre, antagonizing the gentry who regard him as an eccentric trespasser on their "fly-fisherman's paradise." The rivalry between the "mayfly" and Timothy's boat assumes the proportions eventually of open warfare in the village. Households are divided, the old guard against the new, servants against masters, husbands vs. wives, until even the principles of human rights and personal liberty are threatened when certain subversive factions among the war evacuees seize the opportunity to spread their Party-line propaganda, using Timothy as the dupe.

Timothy makes an especially touching figure, particularly to some of the female sex in Upton-on-the-Swirrel, who do not have in their midst every day a lonely bachelor vulnerable to their motherly or, as in the case of Vera Cross, pretty blonde Communist agent provocateur, subtler feminine charms. He finds a maternal champion in the endearing, vague Volumnia Purbright, wife of the coldly forbidding rector. "An inner glow, he knew, absorbed her vision; of the outer world she saw only what she chose to see, her long, thick eyelashes made a sort of filter in which visibility was effortlessly sifted; had a giraffe passed her she might not have noticed it and yet the creature could not feel affronted; it was only that today was not her day for noticing giraffes." Nor can Mrs. Purbright be expected to recognize a foe in Vera until it is too late, having been captivated by the same beauty that has tricked Timothy into staging a spectacular one-man revolt with his boat on the perilously high tide of the Swirrel. Not even tragedy can resolve the conflict or leave our bachelor hero completely free to go his solitary way. For long after he has asked himself if his boat has been "a

(*Continued on page 31*)

Ideas & Studies.

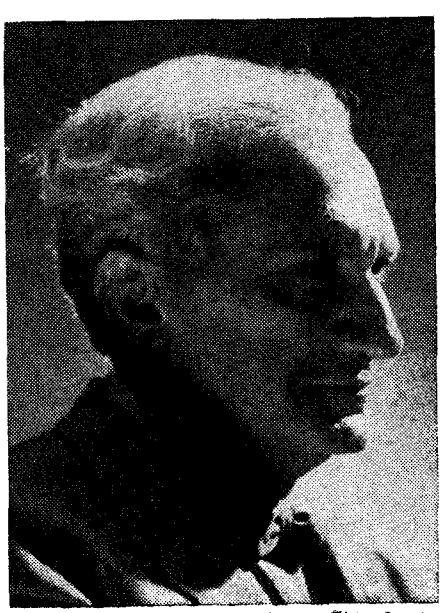
Man's urge to understand himself and the world he lives in is addressed in such sensational fashion in two of the new volumes reviewed below that both are receiving far more attention than is the common lot of books. In "Worlds in Collision" Dr. Immanuel Velikovsky contends that much of history can be explained by the fact that a comet twice brushed the earth thirty-four centuries ago—a thesis that has been trumpeted by several widely circulated magazines and ridiculed by scientists. Norman Vincent Peale's and Dr. Smiley Blanton's "The Art of Real Happiness," the collaboration of a clergyman and a physician, offers the troubled soul a sugar-coated if perhaps not efficacious pill. Certainly the book of most enduring value noticed here is René Dubos's absorbing biography of "Louis Pasteur, Free Lance of Science."

Venus and the Scriptures

WORLDS IN COLLISION. By Immanuel Velikovsky. New York: The Macmillan Co. 401 pp. $5.

By Harrison Brown

IT IS difficult to condemn a man who is obviously seeking truth, though you think him to be as wrong as wrong can be. But when the truth-seeker goes to the public for approval of his ideas before he submits his viewpoints to men expert in his field for the ruthless criticism and cross-checking that is the very life-blood of science, abstinence from condemnation becomes difficult. Dr. Velikovsky, like many men before him and like many men who will follow, has attempted to create a world history (and for that matter a solar-system history) that makes sense. The fact that what he says makes little sense is not important. The fact that many persons not versed in science are now hailing Dr. Velikovsky as the twentieth-century Newton *is* important and should be discussed in some detail.



—George Platt Lynes.

Immanuel Velikovsky—"We may now return to fundamentalism with heads held high."

If I had read this book in the absence of the attendant publicity and digests I would have dismissed it as being simply the sincere musings of a man who was perhaps well versed in ancient writings but unfamiliar with the details and general principles of the physical sciences. Had I the energy I might have written a letter to Dr. Velikovsky outlining, from the point of view of the physical sciences, the errors both in fact and theory which I believe he has committed. However, such a letter would have been at least thirty pages in length, a fact which in itself explains my reasons for not writing it. It further explains why no attempt will be made in this review even to list the errors in fact and conclusion contained in this book.

In "Worlds in Collision" Dr. Velikovsky attempts to correlate various stories, incidents, observations, and folklore which appear in ancient writings in terms of a single physical theory. Briefly, his thesis is that a comet passed near the earth on two occasions (once about 1500 B.C. and again about 1450 B.C.). This comet had its origin in the planet Jupiter and after messing things up in the solar system ended up as the planet Venus. During the messing-up period the comet temporarily stopped the earth from rotating (the miracle of Joshua). Other effects and aftereffects of the comet explain, according to Dr. Velikovsky, various effects such as the "raining of blood," the "hail of stones," "the raining of naphtha," "the fall of manna," together with phenomena and catastrophes mentioned in ancient writings too

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numerous to list. But that is not all. We are told about electrical discharges between Venus, Mars, and the earth (which changed the earth's magnetic poles), and of planets exchanging orbits (in a manner similar to electrons hopping from one orbit to another). It is difficult to think of a major earthly phenomenon—from volcanic activity, glacial periods, mountain revolutions, and earth-motions to the histories of ancient peoples and the origins of religions—that is not touched by Dr. Velikovsky's thesis.

To be sure, the surface of this earth of ours has seen much activity during its life span of some three thousand million years. There has been much destruction and upheaval caused by such complex, yet understandable, phenomena as mountain revolutions, glaciations, storms, floods, volcanic activity, earthquakes, and even the fall of meteorites. But we do not require Dr. Velikovsky's comet to understand these phenomena. More emphatically, the combination of modern astronomy, geophysics, geochemistry, paleontology, geology, and physics can state the following:

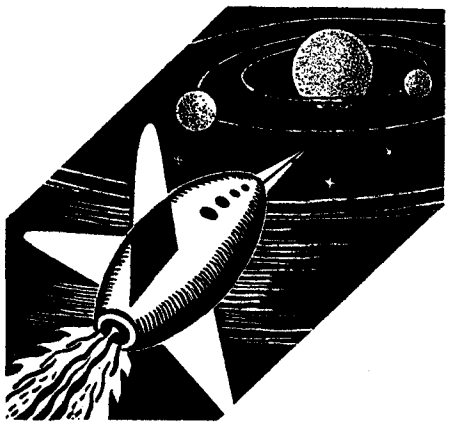
The earth did *not* stop rotating 3,500 years ago.

Venus was formed much earlier than 3,500 years ago. Indeed, it is probably about a million times older than Dr. Velikovsky suggests.

Venus was not formed from a comet emanating from Jupiter (or, for that matter, a comet emanating from anything else).

Modern science can say all of the above (which represents the heart of Velikovsky's conclusions) and it can marshal far more convincing evidence —evidence which possesses mathematical rigor as distinct from interpretations of interpretations of what human beings may or may not have done, observed, or said thousands of years ago.

This book will be, for years to come,



a shining example of book- and magazine-publishing irresponsibility. I do not object to publication of this book—or for that matter any book. But the reader may rightly be offended, as was this reviewer, by the irresponsible publicity, including magazine articles which preceded publication as part of the build-up. The publisher, who in this case is usually most meticulous in the publication of scientific treatises, should have sought the advice of reputable scientists before launching its sensational fireworks.

I doubt that a single reputable scientist would say that in his opinion Velikovsky's thesis even remotely approaches the truth. Yet, *Harper's* magazine, *The Reader's Digest*, and *Collier's* all published sensational articles—probably all of them written without the benefit of scientific consultation. *Harper's* abstracted the book in a lead article and proudly announced that Velikovsky himself will summarize his theories in a forthcoming issue. *Collier's* summarized the book and included a double-page color spread and not one but *two* editor's notes praising the book. *The Reader's Digest* put its ace Bible reporter, Fulton Oursler, to the task of summarizing the book and informing its readers that we may now return to fundamentalism with heads held high. A prominent literary critic stated, "It may well turn out to be as epochal as 'The Origin of Species' of Darwin or the 'Principia' of Newton."

And thus, the book was launched by a wind which bodes good only to those on the receiving end of the cash line. Ten years from now it will probably be forgotten by all except those unfortunate scientists who will have had to answer questions about the book in every public lecture.

But at least it will be a refreshing change from flying saucers.

Under a Rockefeller grant, atomic scientist Harrison Brown is currently engaged at the University of Chicago in research to determine the age of the universe.

Augury

By Vincent McHugh

I SAW a yellow rain
falling in lines of light
as true as if a plane
had ruled them, and the white
arrow of a crane
in a right angle of flight
across the greening plain

A bull somber and red
stood bellowing at the sky
Three times round his head,
and the bird plucked out his eye
Then all the heavens spread
in a whirlwind, and the dry
earth lifted and fled

Our Social Destiny

THE COMMUNITY OF MAN. By Hugh Miller. New York: The Macmillan Co. 169 pp. $3.

By Ordway Tead

INQUIRY about the place of man in the cosmos will not cease. As more knowledge is put at our disposal, as scientists increasingly look beyond the boundaries of their specialties for common principles, as the relations of all knowledge to moral obligation are probed, a whole new outlook of philosophy emerges. New questions are being put and new kinds of answers are being offered. The scientism of the end of the nineteenth century gives way to a concern toward dynamic synthesis in which scientist and philosopher are traversing each other's territory in what may well prove to be the morally most productive labor of our era.

The intellectual excitement and solicitude in this area are multifarious. They promise to become in the next few years a literary and philosophic flood. It is well, for example, to remind ourselves of Richard Hertz's "Chance and Symbol," L. L. Whyte's "The Unitary Principles in Physics and Biology," "Space and Spirit," by Sir Edmund Whittaker, F. S. C. Northrop's "Ideological Differences and World Order," and "The Road to Reason," by Lecomte de Nöuy.

All of these are sharers of the scientific and spiritual heritage of "The Community of Man." The philosophic zest and the scientific curiosity of all of them combine in differing ways to express a prospective and futurative view of man's self-possession and man's destiny. And this, too, is the purpose of Professor Miller, whose theme out of his own special evidence will further call to mind the corroborative paper by Professor M. F. Ashley Montagu "Man and the Social Appetite" [*SRL* Nov. 19].

Why and how man has to press onward to a world community out of evolutionary forces is what this book is about. Also, the relation of that evolutionary effort of mankind to his own organized religions is here considered. And the conclusion is that "no existing religion will support the advance now required of us, if we are to persist. . . . True religion is not and cannot be established religion. . . . ."

The final chapter considers the political situation between the United States and Russia as exemplifying the philosophic and scientific tensions which have to be resolved if the community of man is to be advanced to its next phase. The author offers his own grounds of hope and expectation

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that these two peoples can create a peaceful world. Each people in terms of the needs of civilization complements the other, it is here contended; indeed in italics the author adds that each is necessary to the other. Out of his biological-philosophical reasoning Professor Miller reaches this conclusion as the most recent challenge to the striving for the community of man. It is interesting that his conclusion, in its broad approach, is akin to that deriving from the religious approach of the Society of Friends in their recent report [*SRL* Feb. 18].

Somehow the transition or application over from the scientific to the moral claims of conscience has to be made when an author shifts from biology to politics. All the writers who are now philosophizing from science are concerned with this in greater or lesser degree. To make the scientific *become* the moral is acknowledged to be more difficult to achieve than might be expected on purely rational grounds. Yet this is the task ahead.

How far Professor Miller succeeds in this effort, it is difficult to say with confidence. To me, elements of wishfulness seem to creep into his thesis —or rather into his illustrative application. But that man is made for community as much as for individuality is the underlying theme to which he brings useful and heartening evidence. As a whole new generation of college students is exposed to this kind of moralized science, the hope of a public opinion to press for world government will be by so much strengthened.

Priest of Latter-Day Bacteriology

LOUIS PASTEUR, FREE LANCE OF SCIENCE. By René Dubos. Boston: Little, Brown & Co. 418 pp. $5.

By Waldemar Kaempffert

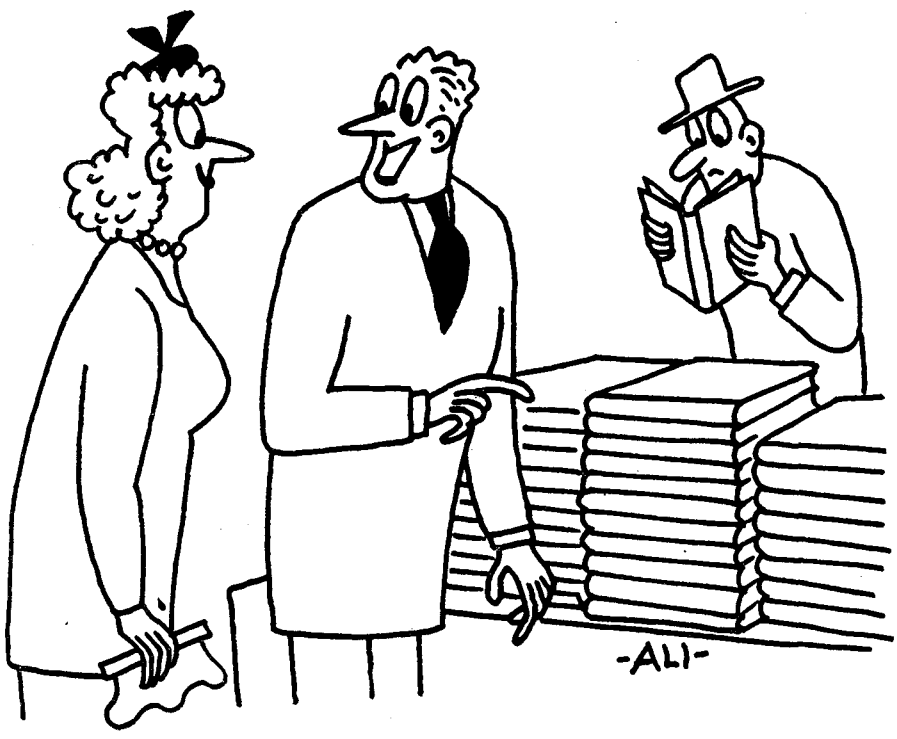
PROBABLY no scientific celebrity of the nineteenth century received more attention in his lifetime and after than Pasteur. Thanks to his son-in-law René Vallery-Radot and his grandson Professor Pasteur Vallery-Radot, there are no dark spots in his entire life. Emile Duclaux, his assistant and close associate and later the first director of the Pasteur Institute, served as a kind of Boswell. These relatives and co-workers wrote in French, and until Dr. Dubos produced this biography there was nothing written in English that could be regarded both as a full-length portrait of a great scientist and as a critique.

It so happens that Dr. Dubos belongs to the line of bacteriologists that begins with Pasteur. In him we have, therefore, a biographer who is scientifically competent to appraise Pasteur's accomplishments. Just as important is the literary ability that Dr. Dubos displays, for he writes with a feeling for human values and with a sure instinct for the correct word and phrase.

Even in his lifetime Pasteur had become a legendary figure. Dr. Dubos aptly calls him "the priest of an idea, an apostle and a crusader" and quotes an anonymous writer in the London *Spectator* of 1910 to whom Pasteur was "the most perfect man who has ever entered the kingdom of science." It is hard to write of such a *chevalier sans peur et sans reproche* with anyanything but adulation. Dr. Dubos is too good a bacteriologist not to know that Pasteur, careful as he was, did launch some theories and interpretations that are not yet fully accepted. The antirabies treatment is an example. Bacteriologists are still quarreling over its effectiveness, as they did sixty years ago. One of the physicians who objected to the rabies treatment was a certain Dr. Georges Clemenceau, the Tiger who was destined to become a power in French politics. Dr. Dubos goes into the whole subject of immunology with more than the usual thoroughness in a book intended for the general reader, and in the process does not hesitate to poke a finger into chinks of Pasteur's scientific armor. Though he had what at times looks like a gift of divination, as we see in his references to what we now call "bacteriophage," Pasteur focused his attention on infections and expressed a low opinion of what we now call chemotherapy, that is, the treatment of diseases by such drugs as quinine and salicylic acid.

The perfect scientist is supposed to hold himself aristocratically aloof from the practical affairs of life. He makes a discovery and leaves its application to others. Pasteur gave himself no such airs. He studied fermentation for the wine industry, silkworm diseases for businessmen interested in the production of silk, anthrax for shepherds, fowl cholera for farmers. He was as interested in "pure" science as a man could be but, like the realistic Frenchman that he was, he knew that science must serve a useful social purpose if it is to earn the support of the public.

Dr. Dubos's biography stands apart because of the clarity with which the significance of Pasteur's great discoveries is set forth. Anthrax, silkworm disease, fowl cholera, and other infections are treated historically. Not only this but Pasteur's methods of dealing with them are evaluated in the light of recently acquired knowledge. So we have not only the life story of a distinguished figure in science but a remarkably good sketch of the development of latter-day bacteriology. And, best of all, anyone with a high-school education can read Dr. Dubos with enjoyment because of his lucidity and because of his skill in holding the interest.



"The print glows. You can read these books in the dark while the television is on."

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Short-cut to Joy

THE ART OF REAL HAPPINESS. By Norman Vincent Peale and Smiley Blanton, M.D. New York: Prentice-Hall. 247 *pp.* $2.75.

By Fredric Wertham

"WAR? Hard times? Let's worry about them if and when they happen!" This is a sample statement made by one of those "really happy" men who by taking as his text a Bible verse got rid of his "diseased thoughts" and "learned to get wonderful happiness out of living." Read a few pages of Pascal and of Freud and compare them with the religious and psychiatric writing in this book, and you will gain insight into the moral and intellectual shoddiness of our time. We may live in a complex civilization but this is a simple book. The reader is promised as much as he would be by a pocketbook introduction to modern physics: "The Expanding Universe, Condensed."

The authors describe a sure way to "joy, contentment, security, and a stronger faith to meet the adversities of life." I just learned that for the same symptoms described in this book you are promised very similar results from a pill. An announcement from a well-established pharmaceutical firm offers a "new and effective means" for "tranquility, cheerfulness, assurance, optimism, energy, and general well-being." Desire for happiness has always existed. We seem to be suckers for short-cuts.

This slick and unlearned book rushes in where angels and cautious physicians fear to tread. Of course, there are people who have religious scruples, and the psychiatrist should send them to a clergyman for help. And some people who seek religious advice turn out to be suffering from a mental disease and should be sent by the clergyman to a psychiatrist for professional help. Perfect cooperation in this is possible. The only problem is: will the clergyman find a psychiatrist for the less affluent of his flock? And will the psychiatrist find a clergyman who will really sit down and listen to one of his needier patients?

The people who move through the pages of this book on their road to real happiness are the wife of a "good provider," an executive, a brilliant young chemist, a self-made man, a chemical engineer, the vice president of a manufacturing concern, one of New York's top lawyers, a man with a business career, a man retired from a top executive job, and so on—a far cry from the underprivileged cases usually seen in clinics. As far as one can judge from the journalistic psychiatric case reports, they seem to come to the clinic mostly in anxiety states, evidently due to very different kinds of mental disorders, which are left unspecified, and apparently all treated by the same kind of psychoministration. They are given a mixture of secular religion and clerical psychiatry in which the unconscious is made into a god and faith into a patent medicine.

The authors gloss over all problems and historical facts. Originally, religion and psychopathology were inseparable. Psychiatry developed only as it could emancipate itself from

theological reasoning. Forel, Rieger (who devised the first intelligence test), Kraepelin, Freud, Pavlov, Bleuler, and Adolf Meyer—all of whom I happen to have known personally—were either outspoken atheists or advocated the complete elimination of theological thinking from scientific psychiatry.

The authors of this book wish "to dispel the notion" that psychiatry is "connected only with the abnormal side of life." They seem to advocate psychiatry for the normal and religion for the abnormal. What is the social significance of all this? Dr. Peale seems to favor a state of affairs where —as the great humanist Albert Guérard expressed it—"blessed are the many, for their minds are at rest."

There is nothing like faith for fattening—except food. The real message of this book seems to be that you can find "real happiness" as long as you have enough faith, enough psychiatry, and enough money. It reminded me of the story of the young married man who had read all the psychoanalytic and religious self-help books on How to Adjust to life, to marriage, and to other difficulties. His young wife who had tried to live up to the precepts in all these books one day rebelled: "Now that we've found real happiness, couldn't we have some fun, too?"

Sorcery

RITUAL MAGIC. By E. M. Butler. New York: Cambridge University Press. 327 *pp.* $5.

By Stanley Edgar Hyman

MISS Butler has done a study of ritual magic, the ceremonial invocation and control of beings in the spirit world, as the second volume in a series that already includes her account of the magician-figure, "The Myth of the Magus," published in 1947, and will conclude with a treatment of Goethe's apotheosis of the Faust legend. She summarizes and excerpts what she accurately calls "a limited number of printed texts localized almost exclusively in Europe"—the "Testament of Solomon," the "Lemegeton," the "Clavicles" and "Grimoires," "Magia Naturalis et Innaturalis," and others—and supplements these with accounts of figures left over from "The Myth of the Magus," like Madame de Montespan, or those good for one more rehash, like Dr. Dee and his "skryer" Kelley. Her thesis is that sorcery serves as a bridge from ancient ritual to modern tragedy, that "ceremonies designed to constrain obedience from the fiends gradually but inexorably develop the notion of a pact whereby the mighty magician of yore was transformed into the tragic figure of a lost soul."

One would think it impossible to make this material dull, yet Miss Butler manages. As befits a Schröder Professor of German at Cambridge, she has done a characteristic, almost a parody, work of German comparative scholarship: when a conjuration calls up the demon (or angel) Arsiel, she notes that he is "Aziel in Papyri; Azliel in 'Sword of Moses'; Asiel in 'Testament of Solomon'; Aciel in 'Schemhamphoras' and Faust's 'Magia'; Aziel elsewhere in Faustian manuals."

She is very interested in sources, analogues, comparison of texts, and historical influences, and she keeps a discreet distance from the circle of red lead: when a formula for exorcism requires the transfixed private parts of a female monkey, Miss Butler remarks, "Indeed in most cases the ingredients for the incense contain unpleasing elements." Miss Butler never quite comes to grips with any of the problems she raises: she claims, and quite properly, that ancient rituals underlie not only myth and drama but all the arts, but she never shows how or why; she suggests that the underworld descent in Homer, Vergil, and Dante is the survival of ancient initiatory rite, but she then

(*Continued on page* 25)

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The War of the Sexes: An Interim Report

THE MORE sensible feminists of an earlier day were faced with the problem of the dual nature of women in our society. They were in the first place a separate and sharply differentiated sex, living under various degrees of domestic and industrial slavery; they were also human beings theoretically entitled to liberty, the management of their own lives, and the pursuit of whatever happiness they could create for themselves. It was an arrangement satisfactory to the men who were their masters, even though they came home at night to find themselves a negligible part of a firmly established matriarchy. The vast majority of middle-class women were not only content, but they jealously defended their domestic privileges and power. As long as their males were able to support their increasing social ambitions and demands for their children they were willing to maintain the fiction that they were lesser creatures who must remain in ignorance of the vast outer world of politics, finance, and approaching wars. They were not concerned with the mass of girls and women of the lower classes who toiled in factories or beside their husbands in the fields. It was from this reservoir of underpaid labor that they took their cooks, nurses, and housemaids, who gave them the leisure necessary to use sex as their most powerful weapon against errant husbands.

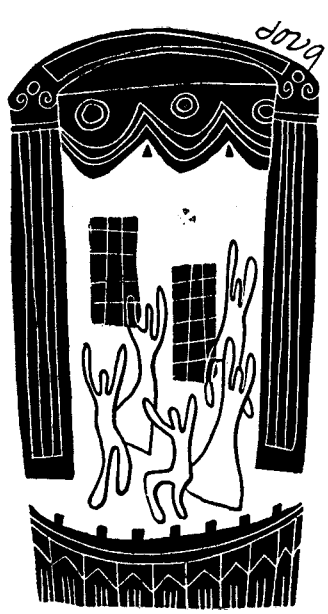
Fifty years ago the struggle for women's rights, whether the suffragists knew it or not, was a necessity if the entire social structure were not to fall to pieces. The walls of the home as a sheltering castle were crumbling under the assault of the rising lower classes and the discontent of the younger generation. Inherited feminine instincts and special knowledge no longer served the mistresses of dwellings that were too large and expensive for their reduced populations. Bread-making and a dozen other domestic occupations had been absorbed by factories. The horrid spectacle of the idle wife with only one servant to command, whose children had left for schools, careers, or marriage, became a commonplace. When war and a long economic depression fell upon the flimsy and dying structure of feminine society the victory of the feminist in the battle for equal rights under the law was a foregone conclusion.

The old dilemma of woman's dual nature still remains. They are disturbed now because too much is asked of them and there is no longer any clear-cut rule to guide their conduct and their desires. Indeed, it is not at all certain that men are not willing to offer a wider opportunity to women than they are at the moment willing to grasp. The absurdity of their situation in this country has been obvious for a long time. They own about 65 per cent of the country but, having little desire for the power and responsibilities that come with wealth, they are willing for the time being to leave it in the hands of men. They outnumber the males as voters and yet few of them are interested in going into politics as a profession. They are, compared with other days, highly educated and yet they seem to be willing to face time's slow attrition of their acquired knowledge, in the full realization that later in life they may need strong interests outside the home to maintain their mental vitality. In a time when young husbands can no longer look forward to acquiring money or insurance enough to support a wife and family they are willing to lose rapidly the earning power they may have possessed before marriage.

This feminine obduracy in maintaining a theoretically untenable position may be a surface indication of a deeper unrest than most of us are willing to contemplate. The entire structure of society has changed with astonishing rapidity, and American women know that passive resistance to change is their strongest weapon. Their fate is often ruled by lesser occurrences than those that concern the masculine world, for they do not by their own effort and mismanagement create wars and recurring financial calamities. The virtual disappearance of the domestic servant has brought women of all classes into a kind of universal democracy of the small two-bedroom house, with perhaps the expanding attic for a growing family. They have outraged all of the statisticians of population growth by producing over the last ten years an astonishing number of babies. It is as if some feminine intuition told them that in a world so uncertain, shaken by wars, vast changes, and wholesale divorces it was better for them to make their position as wives and mothers as impregnable as possible.

IF this is passive resistance, it may be wholly admirable and wholesome for the future of the country. The feminist need not be alarmed. The time will come when the small community dwelling will become oppressive and the cooking of innumerable meals, the rattle of the dishwashing machine in the night will cease to satisfy the millions of female college graduates who are facing longevity that to most of them looks like an eternity. In another few years the girls of today will own not 65 but 80 per cent of the national wealth. Their contributions to business, the professions, and science will increase. They constitute a third of our entire labor force in factories and offices, where they will find better jobs and larger wages. Eventually they will enter politics, for they have special gifts to give that unstable and tumultuous profession. This is a time for settling down, consolidating their gains, reorganizing society at its base in home and family. There will be new ideas and new reasons arising for their timely emergence to the position they are destined to hold in the American world.

—H. S.



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LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

Messengers from USA

SIR: Eric Johnston's apologia concerning the effect of U.S. movies abroad [*SRL* Mar. 4] calls for comment. Of Mr. Johnston's list of twenty well-known exports—incidentally dating back as far as "Union Pacific"—two are extremely questionable. I fail to remember *any* virtue in "Little Women" and "The Babe Ruth Story." If those are "representative" then Jonah did swallow that whale. And how many films have we exported since "Union Pacific"? Enough to countereffect these few, I dare say. . . . In a broader sense, the over-all picture is infantile in its components. In the face of 25-per-cent losses in gross receipts, wholesale unemployment, and an ever-darkening future haunted by the specter of television, Hollywood goes on insisting that "we give the people what they want." I am beginning to suspect a return of the missing Fliegie Bird, who always flew backwards in order to see where he had been.

ALBERT C. JOHNSON.

Chapel Hill, N.C.

SIR: To buttress his reply to Eric Johnston, Norman Cousins lists 100 American films shown in Paris during a three-month period. Hasn't Mr. Cousins fallen back on generalities again in saying that possibly 90 per cent of films shown abroad tend to destroy our good repute?

Won't he agree that at least the following twelve are first-rate examples of film making that offer no fuel to Moscow: "Mr. Belvedere Goes to College," "Citizen Kane," "Adventures of Mark Twain," "Miracle on 34th Street," "Carnegie Hall," "Louisiana Story," "Johnny Belinda," "Snake Pit," "The Search," "They Were Expendable," "Blossoms in the Dust," and "Going My Way"? Where is the disgraceful distortion of American democracy in these light-hearted comedies and musicals: "Strike Up the Band," "Holiday in Mexico," "Hellzapoppin," "Song of the South," "Life of Riley," "Wistful Widow of Wagon Gap," "It's a Great Feeling," "Miracle of Morgan's Creek," "The Lady in Ermine," "Blue Skies," "Pride and Prejudice," "A Foreign Affair," "Ziegfeld Follies," "Kid from Brooklyn," "Ninotchka," "It's a Wonderful Life"? That's sixteen more. Let us add "Air Force," "Tap Roots," "Saratoga Trunk," "Albuquerque," "Tarzan and the Huntress," "Fort Apache," "The Seventh Cross" to the list that gives no aid and comfort to Moscow. A total of thirty-five. And I don't concede that *all* the rest are diplomatic liabilities.

Is it possible that like so many critics of American movies Mr. Cousins doesn't see many films?

KENNETH MACKENNA.

La Quinta, Calif.

SIR: I have been reading with great interest the articles by Norman Cousins and Eric Johnston about the effect of American motion pictures on "foreigners," if I may use a naughty word which I wouldn't dream of uttering in public. It seems to me that both Mr. Cousins and Mr. Johnston have overlooked the most serious fault of American movies: In every picture I've seen almost all of the males need a haircut. I remember that the last time I was in Africa (during the great Boer trek, of which Stuart Cloete has written so entertainingly) I attended an American movie in company with a Hottentot of vast erudition. His comment was, "This is a phony. Here is a guy that lives in a penthouse with six mistresses, three wives, four iceboxes, a dozen radios, sixteen automobiles, two pairs of shoes, and a red necktie, yet he can't get a haircut. What kind of a country is that? No barber shops!" It can easily be seen that this sort of thing can do great damage to American prestige.

I've been complaining about this for years, but I seem to get nowhere. Once when I was working in Hollywood I tried to write in a part for a bald-headed man. And what happened? My option wasn't renewed.

HERBERT ASBURY.

New York, N. Y.

SIR: So many of the students from Germany and France and India here at Antioch College have gotten such a distorted picture of Americans from American movies, which stress the sensational aspects of life in this country, that intelligent as these students are they tend to overlook any commendable qualities and see us as something barbaric—superficial, potentially gangsters and smiling stranglers and Indian slaughterers, single-valued (money), culturally naive, and provincial. Worst of all, they have little but contempt for our awkwardness in international affairs. This almost complete lack of confidence in us on the part of Europeans and Asiatics is a really big problem these days, and it is not an exaggeration to say that one of the major reasons for the poor opinion they have of us is the quality of American movies. No enemy agency could have done so effective a job of sabotaging our fund of moral force abroad. If American movie makers care for anything but box office they will export fewer night-club, cowboy, and gangster films and concentrate a little on the humor and tragedy of Everyman's struggle to live.

PAUL R. COOPER.

Yellow Springs, O.

THROUGH HISTORY WITH J. WESLEY SMITH

"Listen, Chaucer, if you want to go to Canterbury, *go* to Canterbury, but stop asking me to go along. I've *been* there, and it's a very dull trip."

Hail, Halle!

SIR: "Raw Materials of Persuasion," by Louis J. Halle, Jr. [*SRL* Mar. 11], should be required reading for most authors of current books in the field of education. I find it depressing to wade through the morass of "pedagese" one encounters in so many educational publications today. Furthermore, many "educationists" who never sully a clean page with their professional jargon indulge in exercising their special vocabularies in meetings, seminars, "workshops," and personal conversations.

The following sentence is not beyond the realm of possibility: "The program of teacher education is envisaged as a continuing process, implemented by meaningful experiential situations democratically arrived at, wherein each episode is structured so that the well-adjusted individual, after insightful orientation by means of challenging, enriching stimuli, will demonstrate behaviorly his ability to unemotionally conceptualize these several environmental instrumentalities into his ideological configuration and channelize the resultant permissive

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reactions into dynamic group activities eventuating in societal modifications of emerging international consensus."

FORD B. BARNARD.

Brooklyn, N. Y.

SIR: Louis J. Halle, Jr.'s book "Spring in Washington" may have been a publishing success, but I doubt it. Yet no publisher cited it in your columns as one that should have obtained wider attention. The author found his own personal Walden in the wilder areas adjacent to or surrounded by metropolitan Washington —there all the time for anybody to see, but awaiting his pointing them out before their inhabitants could become visible, and his interpretation to become significant.

GEORGE N. WOLCOTT.

Rio Piedras, P.R.

Not Amused

SIR: Partly on the strength of your reviewer's enthusiasm for Angus Wilson's "The Wrong Set" [*SRL* Mar. 18], partly because the author of these short stories is a countryman of mine, I hurried out and bought the book. My interest was sharpened by a comment on the dust jacket by Sean O'Faolain, who describes this collection as "one of the outstanding books of the last twenty years." Of the author he says, "A new writer of the first rank has appeared on the horizon." Although your reviewer warned that "the stories are not always pleasant" I imagined that this implied that at least some of them would be, and settled down for what promised to be an agreeable afternoon.

The following is an approximation of the respective themes of the thirteen stories: (1) The alcoholic wife of a patient and kindly professor is brutally insulted by a meddlesome young woman friend of his. (2) An orgy of necrophiles. (3) A family reunion at which everybody eats too much, a detailed description of their various symptoms of indigestion, their crude songs and jokes, their eventual brawl. (4) A saturnalia in a London boardinghouse. (5) Skulduggery in an art gallery as a result of which the staff is induced to resign. (6) A young woman's somewhat morbid devotion to her syphilitic father, who is dying of a stroke. (7) Homosexuals, prostitutes, and lesbians in a night club. (8) An incestuous young woman who, having been surprised by her lover in the arms of her brother, pursues the lover and seduces him in the woods. (9) A man just out of jail, after serving a sentence for offenses against children, is advised by his brother and sister-in-law to emigrate to the colonies as they want nothing more to do with him. (10) Two elderly females who have tippled so heavily that by the time their guest (a small boy) arrives for tea they have vomited all over their house and clothes. (11) A thirty-five-year-old female drug addict temporarily ditches her German lover for an affair with an effeminate twenty-two-year-old undergraduate on vacation in Marseilles, who first manhandles her and then administers a stiff dose of luminal. (12) A young man is slowly emasculated by his adoring mother. (13) The father of a family who twenty years ago renounced homosexuality is encouraged by a narcissistic young Swedish boy to seduce him.

Could the adjective "pleasant" conceivably apply to an elaboration on any one of these themes? The blurb says, "Some of the stories will shock you . . . some will amuse you. . . ." How could any reasonably kind, normal person be amused?

JUNE MACLIESH.

New York, N. Y.

Tribute to the Maestro

SIR: Your tribute to the greatest living conductor was indeed magnanimous [RECORDINGS, *SRL* Mar. 25]. Toscanini's signal acuteness and perception are inevitably revealed as he extracts the innate meaning of the lofty essence contained in serious music, and the expert discussion of his musical ardency was particularly rare. Irving Kolodin's commentary was objective and searching; but of particular interest, I think, to the music lover was Samuel Antek's incisive article, which carefully refuted many of the common rhapsodical effusions which attempt to describe so great a person.

LOUIS M. PATTERSON.

Waterville, Me.

Franckian Preference

SIR: In my review of two books about César Franck [*SRL* Apr. 1] there is a disconcerting typographical error. I wrote: "Comparing the two, the reader's strong preference goes at first to the smaller volume." This was changed to: ". . . goes at first to Demuth's volume." Now this smaller volume is John Horton's not Norman Demuth's. The rest of my review clearly shows a preference for Horton, but I'm afraid the reader will be sorely puzzled and wonder why I talk of "coherently written" when I seem to write so incoherently myself.

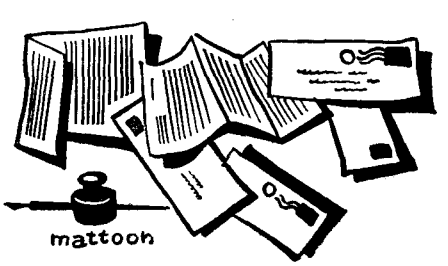
DANIEL GREGORY MASON.

New York, N. Y.

An Artist to Catch De la Mare

SIR: Once again that discerning reviewer of yours Ben Ray Redman moves me to applause and provokes a comparison. I refer to his appreciative reference in NEW EDITIONS to "The Collected Tales of Walter de la Mare" [*SRL* Mar. 4] as compared with the patronizing comment on the same book in *Time*.

After disposing, with ex-cathedra finality, of "Author Hersey's 'The Wall'" *Time*'s anonymous critic stresses the "gruesome," "grisly," "grim" aspect of the "Tales" and lightly ignores all else. To requote from Edward Wagenknecht's admirable introduction, "We find, inevitably, the things that were destined for us." Evidently the unknown reviewer's destiny is to find only the unpleasant.



On the other hand, Mr. Redman discovers De la Mare's "imaginative, delicate, tentative probings of the mysteries of life and human character," his humor and verve, his artistic communication, and his wide range of subject matter.

How true it is that one sees what one wants to see and is capable of seeing, and that the judgment betrays the judge. As it takes a thief to catch a thief, so does it take an artist to recognize an artist, and one whose own style is distinguished to value distinction of style in another.

R. L. MIXNER.

Summit, N. J.

A Barb in Buck

SIR: In his literary wrestling match with James Joyce ["They Think They Know Joyce," *SRL* Mar. 18] Oliver St. John Gogarty complains about his opponent's "leg-pulling" tactics. But when the lights go on I fear that Dr. Gogarty, along with the rest of us, will find that no one has been pulling our legs but ourselves.

Literature, like any art form, is bilateral. Its full expression depends as much on the reader as on the author. If we find that our harvests from Joyce are but the tangled weeds of decadence, it is because the seeds were already within us; the author has but fertilized them. If Joyce is "great" it is only because we have made him so.

Certainly, this man has been an important influence on the writing of our times. Is not this reason enough for giving him a place in literature? There is danger in judging his works on the basis of morals alone, as does Dr. Gogarty. Is this any criterion for an art form?

CHARLES CAREY.

Los Angeles, Calif.

SIR: Buck Mulligan mocks again, as breezy and virulent as ever, still speaking himself into boldness, still belittling his better. It would make little difference to catalogue *all* his gaucheries. Note these for a beginning:

(1) "Ulysses never comes into the book. Ulysses is the author, Joyce himself . . . " (Ulysses is not the author. Ulysses is Bloom. Joyce does come into the book. Joyce is Dedalus.)
(2) "Even in America itself . . . the Joycean influence has been chiefly on writers not of the first rank . . . " (Only Dos Passos and Faulkner and Wolfe, only Hemingway and Farrell and Cummings.)
(3) And nonsense—"Joyce's power of construction was weak . . . "
(4) And cat-calls—". . . one of the most enormous leg-pulls in history . . . "
(5) And bad taste—". . . the obscene bulk of Gertrude Stein appeared. . . ."

And more of the same thrown into the wind with the urchin's happy hand. The last word is Joyce's, the barb still sticking and rankling in the skin. Usurper.

NATHAN ROTHMAN.

New York, N. Y.

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(Continued from page 21)

makes nothing of it; she finds the Faust myth suddenly blossoming all over Europe, and writes an eloquent passage on its omnipresence, but has no better explanation for this "miracle of creative energy" than that it is a miracle of creative energy.

Within sharp limits, Miss Butler is well worth reading. She has studied her texts well, can recognize the Mazdaian spirit Aesma Daeva behind our sulphuric friend Asmodeus, can identify the points at which romancers like Eliphas Levi falsify the literature, knows just how Kabbalism influences Gnosticism. Miss Butler writes with style, and at times a wry humor, like a reference to a book that is "illustrated, if not exactly adorned." She has a keen critical sense, whether for the deteriorating caliber of her rites as one seedy and greedy German magician succeeds another, or for the esthetic improvement of her texts as Elizabethan poetry gives them a shot in the arm. Yet, basically, Miss Butler is not the person to write a book like this. Most important, she doesn't know enough and is prepared to forget what "The Myth of the Magus" shows she does know: from the distinction Lord Raglan would make between the shabby little sorcerer George Faust and the great legendary Doctor, to the researches of Margeret Murray into the reality of witch cults. Miss Butler is not rational enough in one sense, even to believing in "psychic gifts," and not imaginative enough in another, the sense in which Eliphas Levi speaks of his own "drunkenness of the imagination" while performing an evocation. Without a little of that intoxication, nothing remains to ceremonial magic but dull and silly mumbo-jumbo. One of the formulas in "Ritual Magic" conjures "by the flames of BANAL," and we are left with the melancholy conclusion that that is the spirit Miss Butler has been content to evoke.

Stanley Edgar Hyman, who teaches folk literature and folklore at Bennington College, is the author of "The Armed Vision."

Skull-Poppers

TWENTIETH CENTURY ECONOMIC THOUGHT, edited by Glenn Hoover. Philosophical Library. $12. Twenty professional economists here attack, for the benefit of those mythical creatures "the more informed general readers" such skull-popping problems as "fair" taxation, monetary fluctua-

Charles Jackson

Now he reveals the early life of his most famous character . . . . DON BIRNAM of The Lost Weekend

In episode after episode, he unfolds the inner life of a town—the explosive secrets that couldn't be hidden, the personal forces that couldn't be confined.

These are stories that break all the rules, that couldn't be written or published, but here they are now in "his best work since *The Lost Weekend.*"—HOLLIS ALPERT, *Saturday Review of Literature.*

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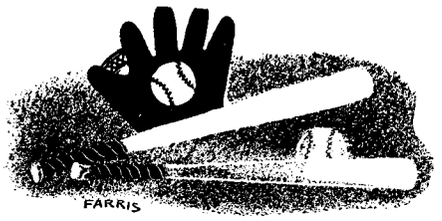

tions, regulation of unions and business, international economic difficulties, price controls, full employment, and the like. As in all such symposia, the professional is at times liable to leave the amateur gasping, both for breath and in exasperation. Benjamin Higgins, of McGill University, for instance, has some things to say about business cycles that won't be comprehensible this side of a class in differential calculus. And Editor Glenn Hoover, of Mills College, bangs away at the arguments and practices that have hamstrung international trade these many years; but, having scored hits on these long-since battered targets, he offers little constructive advice on how to achieve his ultimate goal—freer world trade.

Most of the essays, however, are informative, stimulating, and readable. The contribution of H. Gordon Hayes, who provides a workable skeleton key to the thought of John Maynard Keynes, is perhaps the most valuable for its clear exposition of the economic philosophy that lies behind so much contemporary governmental policy. Ranged in opposition to Keynesian thinking, of course, are authentic spokesmen for older, more conservative doctrines like Emerson Schmidt of the U.S. Chamber of Commerce, who avers that "unquestionably, the power of the state is the chief resource of monopoly in America today."

In the face of these contradictory judgments, with which this book abounds, the general reader—if such there be—will certainly depart with the conclusion that modern economic thought comes down to a series of quarrels over fundamentals and a fistful of inexact laws. How inexact is apparent even before you open the volume, for one wonders by what law of supply and demand the publishers arrived at their $12 price tag.

—Peter R. Levin.

LITERARY I.Q. ANSWERS

1. West; North. 2. Pound; Watts. 3. Trollope; Bliss. 4. Marvel; Paine. 5. Canning; Burns. 6. Franklin; Miller. 7. Chesterfield; Taylor. 8. Ransome; Constable. 9. Spender; Walker. 10. Ward; Towne. 11. Cable; Barber. 12. Poe; Jordan. 13 Warren; Burroughs. 14. Rice; Beers. 15. Lamb; Woolf. 16. Key; Sill. 17. Coffin; Graves. 18. Frost; Hunt. 19. Crane; Martin. 20. Lea; Field.

Music to My Ears

THE UNCOMPLETE TURANDOT AND THE INCOMPLETE MAHLER 8

A BETTER student of Puccini than I expressed a convincing opinion about that composer's last, and uncompleted, opera when he said of "Turandot": "He was a capable and self-critical man and would undoubtedly have smoothed out the rough spots in the opera, which cries out for a final revision." Giulio Gatti-Casazza, who held this opinion when he gave "Turandot" for the first time in this country, knew Puccini, and I didn't. His personal observation and my impersonal one are very much in accord.

The current production by New York's City Center company will doubtless penetrate to other parts of the country before many months, which is well—for it has been too long since so worthy a sample of the composer's talent has been heard. Nevertheless, it leaves the subject of "Turandot" pretty much where it was before—a gaudy promise, an occasional realization, and a persistent grappling by Puccini, in his sixty-seventh year, with new musical resources he felt ready, at last, to employ.

Perhaps it will even inspire someone to revalue this score, to abbreviate some of its overdevelopment, and possibly even tackle the problem of a new conclusion in place of Alfano's unsufficing one. Then, together with an ample, liberally-staged production, in place of the Center's well-meaning but cramped one, there might emerge a proper image of what Puccini attempted to do in this final effort. Admitting limitations, this production is impressive; considering possibilities, it is inadequate.

"Turandot," then, remains one of those enigmas of art—the unfinished story, the incomplete portrait, the half-formed statue which might *possibly* have been the creator's masterpiece had he lived to complete it. My private opinion is, in a large sense, that the existing "Turandot" is, within a reasonable range, as good as Puccini could ever have made it. Permit the argument that the final duet, to which he was building for many minutes before, would have been more eloquent in his own realization than in that of his good friend Alfano; allow that the overlong scene of Ping, Pang, and Pong, the three ministers, could have been thinned out considerably without sacrificing anything consequential. It still must be recognized that melodic invention comes hard to Puccini in this score, that his theatrical skill is for the striking detail of "Bohème" or the shrewd touch of "Butterfly" or the swift, effective strokes of "Tosca" rather than the sweeping mass of "Turandot." At that, one almost respects Puccini more for the comparative failure of this effort than for the celebrated successes of the others. So much ambition after so much success is not encountered every day, every year, or every decade.

Thank the City Center "Turandot," in any case, for bringing us Dragica Martinis, from Zagreb, to sing the title role. This is no role by which to judge any voice, but Miss Martinis—remarkably like in physique to such other Slavic singers as Milanov, Ilitsch, and Welitsch—has an uncommonly strong top, though she has to work hard to get it out. She scarcely suggested the icy, shimmering aloofness of a Princess who could dismember with a glance a suitor who couldn't answer three riddles, but it is very likely in this debut performance that she was rather more concerned with another riddle: her own personal success. On the whole she did well, as did Lawrence Winters as Ping and Edwin Dunning as the Emperor. Giulio Gari, the Unknown Prince, was not good enough to be "good enough." That the whole thing—including H. A. Condell's scenery and the staging of Vladimir Rosing—was seriously discussible is, I think, a great tribute to Laszlo Halasz, who conducted as well as organized and supervised the performance.

IN A Shakespearean sense, little so much became Leopold Stokowski's symphonic life this winter as the leaving of it with Mahler's Eighth Symphony—the one of "A Thousand Voices." As well as giving a new generation of listeners in New York, and nationwide through the radio, a chance to hear this complex and exacting work, it reminded us of a time—from about 1918 on—when the name of Stokowski was synonymous with such demanding tasks as this one. The itsy-bitsy "new" pieces he has been playing for the last few years seem scarcely worth the rehearsal time of such abilities as his.

For a full half hour of this work—the portion devoted to a setting of the Latin hymn "Veni, Creator Spiritus," with its arching melodic line and congratulatory brass—I thought: "Is this it? Is this really the Mahler work

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which will bear one along with it, with power unremitting and mood undisturbed?" The next fifteen minutes of treatment of the final scene of "Faust" intensified the expectation, pushed further the limit of sustained attention. And then the inevitable recession of interest, the slackening of attraction, the slump in communication.

What Puccini had no chance to do with "Turandot" Mahler had ample opportunity with his Eighth Symphony —to file, narrow, refine, distill. There is no indication that any such procedure took place. I know of no study of Mahler's notebooks or thematic sketches, nor do I believe they would be productive of much interest. All of his music revels so in diffuseness, is so much lacking in compactness or concentration that the creative process must have been white heat, urge, travail, perspiration, soul-searching. That might work for Schubert with his incomprehensible gifts; it didn't for Mahler with his merely remarkable ones.

It is relatively familiar for critics to laud a work for everything but inspiration; I shall diverge by praising Mahler for inspiration—and very little else. His dreams were magnificent, his vision stupendous, but I mark him down as a planner, a visionary, a seer who couldn't reduce what he imagined to durable proportions. Patterns tend to repeat themselves, trends of thought to become habit. When for the fifteenth or twentieth time an instrument—be it horn, flute, or clarinet —echoes a vocal phrase, this is no longer ingenuity; it is of the fascination-with-the-sound-of-one's-words order.

At that, it is close to the most impressive long work of Mahler that I know—omitting, of course, the much more compact "Lied von der Erde," "Kindertotenlieder," or "Lieder eines Fahrenden Gesellen," all masterpieces —for the reason that it follows a textual pattern, and thus is subject to some kind of exterior framework not found in his purely instrumental works. This dominates the first section of half an hour or so, with rather remarkable results; when he engages the more rhapsodic text that follows, the channel is less clear, the musical flow backs up into eddies and pools, and the interest stagnates.

However, this is the kind of service that entitles the Philharmonic to be considered a representative musical institution—much more so than still another performance of the Brahms No. 1 or Khatchaturian's newest Arabian Fantasy. As for Stokowski, it assures us that the fire is not yet out, given the right kind of fuel.

—Irving Kolodin.

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Seeing Things

MAN'S INHUMANITY

I CRAVE the forgiveness of Irving Kolodin in particular and *SRL* readers in general if this week I seem to be poaching upon Mr. Kolodin's domain. Mr. Kolodin has already had his illuminating say about "The Consul"* (*SRL* Mar. 25). With the thorough musical knowledge and fine perceptions which are his, he has stated his enthusiasm for Gian-Carlo Menotti's new work, appraising its score, discussing its book, and pointing out the excellences of Mr. Menotti's casting and direction.

Being musically an igoroo, I would not now presume to venture into Mr. Kolodin's field had he not accepted Mr. Menotti's opera on its composer's terms as being a "new musical drama" and admirably described its theatrical aspects. What further emboldens me to add my uninformed say to his authoritative comment is that, along with most of my confreres in the New York Drama Critics Circle (who can no more carry a tune than I can), I voted for "The Consul" as the season's best musical though I was not one of the four members of this same august body who cast their ballots for it as the year's best new American play.

That Mr. Menotti's libretto, robbed of his music, would not be self-reliant as a drama seems beyond dispute. More than being undistinguished, its language is no doubt of pulp-magazine variety. Yet, since the dialogue was written to be supported and enhanced by music and since this music is excitingly present, any questioning of the evening's dramatic powers is academic, to put it mildly.

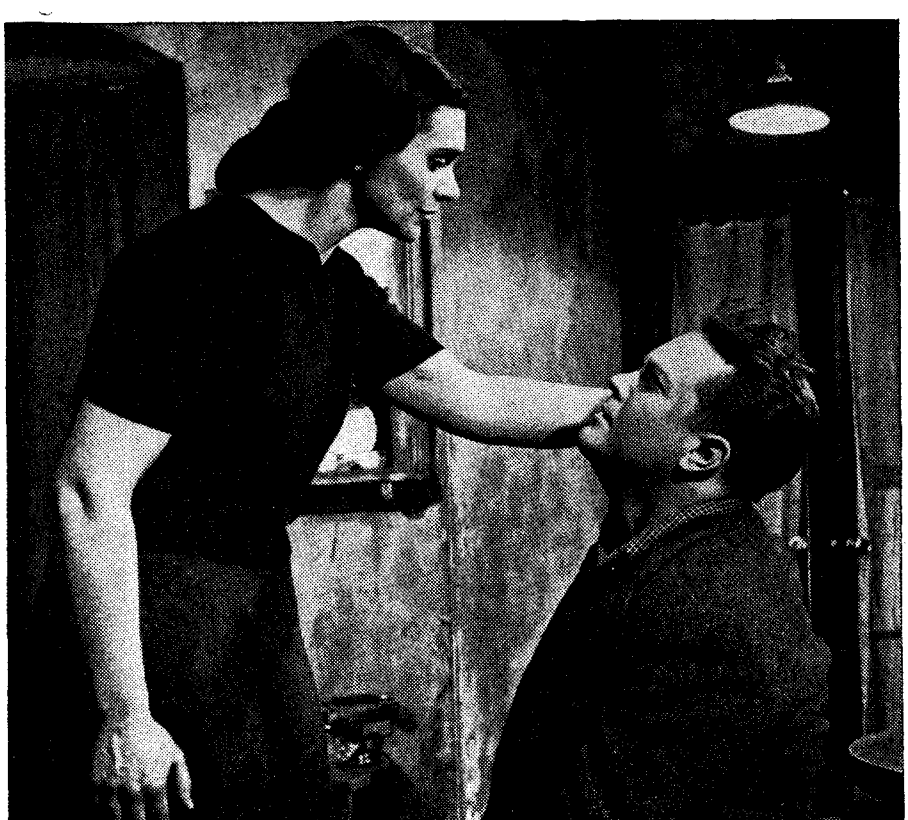
"The Medium" was frankly a guignol. The tale it told of an old faker who is finally unnerved and driven to murder by the deceptions in which she trades was melodrama for melodrama's sake. Mr. Menotti's story was lurid, violent, and intense. It was contrived for the thrills which it communicated successfully. Fascinating as it was, the terms in which it spoke were special, not general. Like many another plot, it interested playgoers without including them on the basis of their own experiences or touching upon dilemmas known, alas, to be both true and common in the contemporary world.

"The Consul" is different. It, too, is melodramatic, violent, and fearful. But it has a larger purpose and a far, far bigger theme than "The Medium" could claim. For these very reasons it grows in stature. Its horrors are based upon horrible actualities faced by millions of people in the present-day world. Instead of speaking merely for themselves, its characters manage to speak for one of the most familiar of current tragedies.

That tragedy is, of course, the fate, frustration, and despair of people, once happy and hopeful, who find themselves trapped by red tape and official papers in countries they can no longer claim as their own; countries gripped by the terrors of a police state; lands behind the Iron Curtain, from which freedom has fled. Mr. Menotti's scene is unspecified. It is "somewhere in Europe." The goal of his hunted men and women, whose one thought is escape, is likewise unidentified. Even the Consul, who symbolizes their sole chance of flight and survival, remains unseen except for a glimpse of him as a shadow cast upon the closed glass door to his office.

Only the urgency, the agony, the desperation of fruitless hours of waiting, and the insurmountable barricades of foolish forms and papers which must be filled out again and again, are made definite. These in Mr. Menotti's musical drama are given a statement at once more graphic and overwhelming than the theatre has achieved in any production dealing with man's sufferings in the postwar world.

THE villains of a bruising but enthralling evening do not stop with the secret police. The truer villains are those who do not mean to be villainous at all. The inaccessible Consul is one of these if for no other reason than that he is mortal enough to think of his lunch dates when the thoughts of the people in his outer office are centered on their chances to live. His protecting secretary is another unintentional villain. She is more concerned with the forms she distributes than she is with the miseries of the individuals swarming around her desk. But, above all, there is bureaucracy itself, bureaucracy with its slow-moving, cumbersome, petty, and utterly impersonal workings. If it turns out to be the most infuriating of villains,



—Talbot-Giles.

Patricia Neway (and Cornell MacNeil)—"a very special kind of beauty of its own."

**THE CONSUL, a new musical drama by Gian-Carlo Menotti. Directed by Mr. Menotti. Orchestra under the direction of Lehman Engel. Settings by Horace Armistead. Costumes by Grace Houston. Dreams choreography by John Butler. Presented by Chandler Cowles and Efrem Zimbalist, Jr. With a cast including Patricia Neway, Marie Powers, Cornell MacNeil, Leon Lishner, Gloria Lane, George Jongeyans, Maria Marlo, Maria Andreassi, Lydia Summers, Andrew Mc Kinley, Francis Monachino, etc. At the Ethel Barrymore Theatre, New York City. Opened March 15, 1950.*

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it is because it imprisons, hence endangers, those who are forced to rely upon it for their freedom.

The secretary, facing the desperate characters who crowd the outer office over which she presides, reacts in a manner not uncommon to us all when we read history or our newspapers. The human mind seems incapable of comprehending mass tragedy. Catastrophe is a food which it can digest only in small portions. It can respond fully to the death of one person—a child dying of cancer, a monarch beheaded, or a celebrity killed in an accident. But increase the number of deaths until the individuals are lost sight of; let sixty people perish in an air crash instead of one, speak of an army wiped out instead of a great general dying, oppose the total casualties of a war to the announcement of a friend's death in combat, or mention the anonymous sufferings of a whole nation, and the intelligence is numbed rather than awakened by the enormity of the toll. Our imaginations have a stubborn way of needing to particularize grief before being able to share it.

The secretary in "The Consul" is not inhuman. She has only been dehumanized by confronting hourly so many wretched people whose wretch-

My Conception of Hell

By Gian-Carlo Menotti

HELL begins on the day when God grants us a clear vision of all that we might have achieved, of all the gifts which we have wasted, of all that we might have done which we did not do.

The poet shall forever scream the poems which he never wrote; the painter will be forever obsessed by visions of the pictures which he did not paint; the musician will strive in vain to remember the sounds which he failed to set down on paper.

There are few artists whom I can imagine resting in heavenly peace: Leonardo, Michelangelo, Goethe, and a few minor artists who have merited that peace. But, for the weak, the lazy, the damned —their torture shall be the more horrible in proportion to the greatness of the genius they have wasted.

For me the conception of hell lies in two words: TOO LATE.

EDITOR'S NOTE: *Mr. Menotti gave his conception of hell at Town Hall in New York City March 20.*

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edness, though very personal and urgent to them, has fallen into an impersonal pattern for her. What to them is a matter of life and death is for her a routine job. Her responses have become institutionalized. She thinks in terms of files rather than families. Were she to surrender to her sympathies and share completely the misery of each case she handles, she could not hope to survive the stresses of a single day. The irony of her situation is that her hope for sanity lies in falling back, in her small-minded fashion, upon those very forms which obstruct and torture the people to whom these papers represent passports to security and happiness.

One of the many brilliant aspects of "The Consul" is the way in which Mr. Menotti contrasts the pressure of group suffering upon this impassive secretary with illustrations of the tormented individuals who form the group. He invites us to understand the desperation of the magician and other cornered persons who haunt the consulate. His major concern, however, is the appalling story of a woman whose husband has been forced to flee from the police to a freer land, whose baby and mother-in-law die, and who finally turns on the gas and commits suicide.

Spotty as his telling of this may be, its emotional impact is devastating and insistent. It seems unlikely that any of us, after sitting before it, will ever again be able to read the headlines from Europe with detachment. The statistics of suffering they give will be broken down for us into individual terms. The shadowy, far-away sorrows will take the form of Mr. Menotti's characters. His musical drama is that sort of an experience. It is as haunting as it is harrowing. It handles the griefs of stricken people with a stark and driving dignity. Though a work of art, it has about it all the unchallengeable qualities of a documentary.

No one at this late date can deny Mr. Menotti's exceptional gifts for the stage. Because of his triple endowment as composer, librettist, and director, he has managed not only to take opera to Broadway but to make Broadway take to opera. His eye for casting is as keen as is his ear for music or his sense of theatre. His performers cannot be described as singers or actors. They are singer-actors. Indeed, they are singers who act so well that the credence they win as characters is left undisturbed by their erupting into song.

Marie Powers, who was unforgettable in "The Medium," is this time admirable in the less spectacular part of the mother-in-law. The person who scores in "The Consul" the same full-scale triumph that Miss Powers scored in "The Medium" is Patricia Neway. Put Miss Neway down as one of the most exciting discoveries of recent years. Pretty she may not be, and fortunately is not, in the empty, magazine-cover sense of the word. Yet she has a gaunt, majestic look of sorrow which can claim a very special kind of beauty of its own. The whole tragedy of Europe seems somehow written on her face. Her stolid resignation is superb in the earlier episodes. Her fury, too, is magnificent when her patience breaks and she tears up the silly papers handed her in the Consul's office. And when she envelops her head in a black shawl and bends over the stove to die, she creates one of the most notable death scenes to have distinguished our contemporary stage.

All of us who love the theatre worry for valid reasons about its present condition and its future health. But this much is clear. However ill or shrunken the theatre may be, it is a long, long way from dying so long as it possesses the vitality, the imagination, the sympathy, and the skill to make a production such as "The Consul." —JOHN MASON BROWN.

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FICTION

(Continued from page 18)

death wish," a "symbol of peace" against warring society, yet wherever he roams there will be the two feminine spirits intertwined, never to be parted, reminding him guiltily not only of Vera and Volumnia's death struggle, but also of the promise of love they offered him in the twilight of his life.

Fiction Notes

THE WHITE KING, by Samuel B. Harrison. Doubleday. $3. This is not, as the dust-jacket description would have you believe, the story of a man but of a nation. The islands of Hawaii, like the thirteen original colonies of America, fought a long and bitter struggle for independence and their ultimate success was no less an achievement than that of the signers of our own Declaration of Independence. Harassed by the chicanery of French, British, and American businessmen greedy for land, bullied and impoverished by the captains of foreign warships, at the mercy of epidemics and a centuries-old feudal system, divided between the preachings of Protestant and Catholic missionaries, the Islanders suffered every hardship and indignity the white man and nature could thrust upon them.

When Dr. Gerrit P. Judd, an American physician, left the States with his young bride and sailed to what was in 1827 called the Sandwich Islands, he scarcely dreamed he would one day renounce his U. S. citizenship, swear allegiance to young King Koli, and become, among other things, foreign minister of Hawaii, dubbed by his enemies "The White King."

In his eagerness to give a thorough account of this formative period in Hawaiian history Mr. Harrison has written a book that reads like a history text rather than a novel. He has, however, creditably dramatized the story of a people and a nation who deserve the respect and admiration of freedom-loving men and women everywhere. —JOSEPH M. GRANT.

THE BREAK-UP OF OUR CAMP AND OTHER STORIES, by Paul Goodman. New Directions. $1.50. There is little doubt that Paul Goodman "has something," but the exact nature of this intangible something the author does not fully permit us to define. There is good writing here, and such potentialities as gain clarity only in patches, and now and again an arresting sentence which surely conveys the fact that we have here a serious author who has something to say, if only he could organize the proper means for saying it. What he most needs is a proper theme, a proper structure, and a complete mastery over his materials.

As it is, the first and longest story, which gives title to his book, is irritatingly unsatisfactory. The break-up of the Jewish camp for boys and girls he describes here is not, for the most part, very interesting. Its one episode that stands out is the visit of the Canadian canoeist, who inspired the camp with a spirit lacking there previously, but who went off in the storm because of an unfriendly reception and was drowned. "His spirit, freed from the body but fixed by the longing that had governed him when alive, returned to haunt our camp," we are told. Now here is a motif which might hold the story together; without a proper use of it, the story remains something which consists of scattered impressions, indeed something that is not a story at all but a rambling reminiscence. More successful are two slight sketches, "A Prayer for Dew" and "The Joke," in which the author calls his characteristic humor into play. —JOHN COURNOS.

THE YEAR OF THE SPANIARD, by Henry Castor. Doubleday. $3. Despite Mr. Castor's unusual material, rich with Teddy Roosevelt's Rough Riders, yesterday in Philadelphia, and his creative ability to turn such happy phrases as "they picked, fought, and settled a war during a summer vacation," it is difficult to regard "The Year of the Spaniard" as a novel. There is only a breathless attempt to make a few characters real: Susan Brecht, who works in the Frankford Arsenal; Warren Spangler, a newspaper reporter; Caleb Hawkins, a law student at the University of Pennsylvania; Tomás, the Cuban "sharp kid" who became Caleb's bodyservant, and Rowena Evers from Tampa. The rest of the people, little and great, are flung at the reader without benefit of introduction while the author, with all the good humor in the world, rattles through his catalogue of yesterday's customs and manners and events in a racy, slangy style not even the slang of 1898 but of 1950.

Despite the dreary effect on eye and mind of such concoctions as "goodnessknows," "odearyees," "why-owhy," and "dearodear" he can turn many a sharp bright phrase. But 274 pages lacking in emotional tension are tough reading even if peppered with great names and bright remarks. Emotion lies behind all creative work and it is not clear to me just what emotional force directed Mr. Castor to decide, for instance, when to

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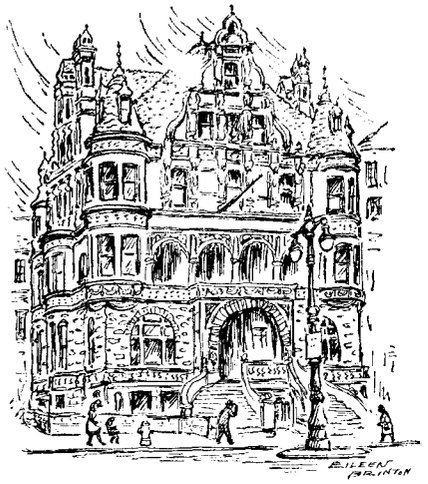

end one section or chapter and when to begin another. The activities of Caleb and Warren in Philadelphia and in Cuba can scarcely be referred to as a plot. With the exception that Warren returns to marry Susan, and Caleb, wounded, falls into Rowena's experienced hands and they marry, a great many incidents, episodes, and even love scenes could be planted at random throughout the book.

I hoped for a rich experience in picking up a book based on a subject so infrequently chosen. Instead I was hounded on a cross-country race with no rewarding impressions of the ground covered.

—Mary Fanning Wickham.

RILEY DAWSON, by James Plimell Webb. Dodd, Mead. $2.50. "It was broad day when I got home and Paw's two big dogs was laying by the door, so I knowed that he was there again. Paw and Maw was eating breakfast. If they was waiting for me, it was like one hungry hog waits for another, but that wasn't no matter because there was a plenty of vittles."

This is the sort of gentle irony and subtle humor that flows through the story of young Riley Dawson's life in the backwoods of Kentucky in the early 1880's. Through Riley's eyes we see the powerful figure of Paw Dawson fighting against establishment of the railroad and resenting the "furriners" from Ohio, Indiana, and Michigan, who threaten to destroy his freedom by destroying the virgin forests. Riley's adventures with his friend, Ben Coleman, like those of Tom Sawyer and Huck Finn, are filled with excitement, suspense, and quiet laughter. Mr. Webb delightfully recreates the world and the pioneer people of the Kentucky mountain country and to glimpse their lives is very rewarding. —J. M. G.

FINAL NIGHT, by Robert Gaines. Doubleday. $2.75. This exciting story of Fleet Street by a Fleet Street journalist has a dual merit. It presents, in the first place, a vivid picture of newspaper life, seen obviously from the inside. Only a single day is recorded but it happens to be a day packed with thrills which are at once a torment and a delight to the chronic newspaperman. In the second place, we have two parallel stories of violence, each in its way a suspense story, seemingly independent of the other yet actually interrelated, as such things inevitably are in fiction. Managing Editor Granger is anxious to have both stories for the evening edition. Redfern, a young reporter who has not yet grown cynical, is sent to cover the trial of Girda Thorp, charged with the murder of her husband. Black is his opposite; he is old, disillusioned, and discouraged. He realizes that in being sent to greet the arrival of Dr. Bruckmann, an unhappy diplomat fleeing secretly from the totalitarian dictators of his country, he has a chance of a scoop; it is rather important that he not fail in accomplishing something spectacular. He runs into more excitement and adventure than he has bargained for; while at his end young Redfern encounters surprise after surprise.

The most arresting character in the novel is Granger, whose loyalty to his paper in the face of personal tragedy and disillusioning aspects of human nature has something sterling about it. All in all, a very readable novel.

—J. C.

GIVE BEAUTY BACK, by Francis X. Connolly. Dutton. $2.75. Mr. Connolly's aims here are perfectly clear. His novel of a fine artist who struggles through a career of worldliness, impulse, and ambition toward the receding horizon where peace and contentment must lie, is calculated to raise a great question and point a great moral. What is success and what is truth? How may earthly man find peace? Mr. Connolly presents his answer in Ranse Gilbey's discovery of the ultimate truth: that beauty is borrowed from God and must be given back to its Giver; that the artist, like any man, can find his greatness in serving God in his work. Gilbey ends his career in the peace of this understanding, painting his finest work, "The Stations of the Cross." Mr. Connolly's book is a simple statement of principle. If it lacks anything it is the proper illumination of principle by means of the powers available to the novelist. His characters are not large enough to support the theme for which they were created. In particular, Ranse Gilbey, the artist, gives us no sense of a creative man struggling to find the source of his powers; nor does his conversion at the end rise out of any truly realized spiritual crisis. —N.L.R.

A LENS ON LIFE

(*Continued from page* 10)

portant writer will be recognizable not by new materials but by new insights, says V. S. Pritchett.

It is often necessary for a writer to distort the particulars of experience in order to see them better. As was remarked earlier, he can look upside down or squint or put on gauze spectacles or do what he chooses, so long as his method lets him see at least part of his world more clearly. To take only one example, the padded nightmare world of Franz Kafka represents a new insight. The solemnly logical course of the incredible begets a new satire and a new humor, and for all its strangeness Kafka's fiction reflects real men and real institutions better than many more representational kinds of fiction.

Whatever the method, it will involve a simplification. By inexorable necessity, all art simplifies. Hemingway, learning to write "beginning with the simplest things," stripping his vocabulary to the bare Anglo-Saxon, reducing his sentences to the simple declarative, eliminating all latinate complexity, and trying to eliminate even such customary "cheating" as metaphor, simplifying his people and simplifying his themes, peeling down even his favorite theme of death to its simplest and most violent forms, represents only one kind, an extreme kind, of artistic simplification. The world that results in Hemingway's fiction may not be a world we like, but it is unmistakably a world. Conrad's world, in its own way, is just as simplified. Often it is a world within one ship, its deck the whole earth and its crew all mankind, and the moral universe bending over the actions of his people as close or as remote as the stars at sea. Even Henry James, on the surface one of the most complex and hair-splitting and qualifying and entangled of fictionists, begins with absolutely sweeping simplifications. To clear the way for the unimpeded moral choices which form the crucial moments of all his stories, he first eliminates most of what some other novelists might build their whole books from. No James character ever has to worry about making a living; James endows them all with handy inheritances. No James character is fettered by family responsibilities or any of the complex nets that fasten about the feet of people in life. All of James's people are free to move at will through the world he has made for them, absolutely and deliberately set free from all mundane entanglements so that their moral choices can be "pure" and uninfluenced. And

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though the complexities of the actual choice, the backing and filling, the delicate hesitancies and withholdings, the partial renunciations and the hair-fine scruples, may be almost maddeningly complex, the act of simplification which has made this complexity possible is just as impressive.

Any simplification the artist chooses is legitimate; it can be judged only on pragmatic grounds, by its success. Every writer is a blind man feeling for the elephant, and even a great writer is likely to be limited in what he understands. His fictional world will reflect the special understandings he has. The world of Chekhov, in which unhappy people walk gray, muddy roads or ferry exiles like themselves across leaden Siberian rivers or take a moment's wry enjoyment from a wistful and frustrated life, is valid and recognizable; so is the world a contemporary like Tom Lea creates in "The Brave Bulls," where man's confrontation of the immortal Terror takes the shape of the ritualized spectacle of a bullfight. In "The Sheltering Sky" Paul Bowles obtains his essential simplification by an act of arbitrary violence, putting down a pair of New York sophisticates into the primitive Sahara. The act is precisely like the act of putting a smear of culture on a slide for inspection under the microscope.

Certainly no writer can see or know all or get all life into his fiction. His quality will be measured by the amount he does succeed in getting without blurring the edges of his simplifying frame. It is the frame, the limitation, that produces for the reader the limited field of vision that can be seen under an intense light and in sharpened focus.

The effect of reading fiction conceived and executed on such terms should be an enlarged understanding. But one element of this enlarged understanding which is too often overlooked is something which I can call only "intense acquaintance." In all our wandering through real or fictional worlds it is probably ourselves we seek, and since that encounter is impossible we want the next best thing —the completely intimate contact which may show us another like ourselves. I am willing if necessary to risk condemnation as an advocate of what C. S. Lewis has called the "personal heresy," though it is certainly no such biographical hunger as Mr. Lewis deplores that I speak of here. It is utterly irrelevant that Milton misused his daughters or that Conrad had a habit of flipping bread pellets around the dinner table. What is relevant is the artist himself, or his refined and distilled spirit, the totality of his understanding. Acquaintance

Why is this named after this?

What's the easiest way to remember the meaning of "corroborate"?
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For instance, the word *"robust"* comes to us from the Latin *robustus*, meaning "oaken." From this it becomes an easy step to the word *"corroborate"*; when you *corroborate* a friend's alibi, you strengthen it, or "make it like an oak."

Many words are named after people. A *martinet*, stickler for harsh discipline, comes from the name Jean *Martinet*, who built up the first regular army in Europe.

DR. WILFRED FUNK writes the Reader's Digest feature, "It Pays to Increase Your Word Power."

Other Interesting Origins

Words change, but human nature does not. They had *mountebanks* in Italy centuries ago—hucksters who would "monta-in-banco" or mount a bench to hawk their fraudulent wares. *Lunatics* have that name because madness was traditionally related to the moon, of which the goddess is *Luna*. *Belladonna* is named after the fair ladies of the Borgias. (In Italian, *bella* "beautiful"; *donna* "woman.") They found that a few drops of the drug gave their eyes a look of languorous beauty. A *diaphanous* dress means just what it meant in Greek, for *dia* meant "through"; *phaino* meant "show." We call a magician a *prestidigitator* because his hand "is quicker than the eye" (*presto*, "lively", *digitus*, "finger").

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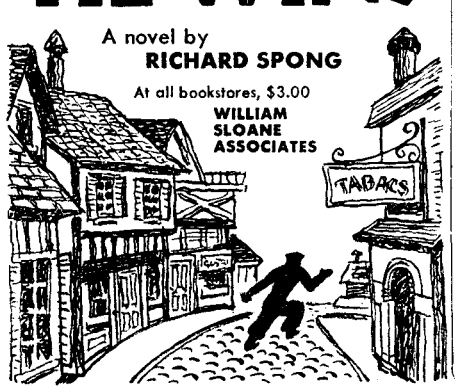

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on that level is a thing found very rarely in life but a book which has profoundly and intensely moved us is a most intimate experience, perhaps more intimate than marriage and more revealing than fifty years of friendship. We can make closer contact in fiction than in reality; more surely than we know the secrets of our friends we know how this writer who is something like ourselves looks upon himself, how he fronts his life, how he, another waif in a bewildering world, has made out to survive and perhaps be at peace.

Ultimately, I am convinced, he is what we read for. The work of art is not a gem, as some schools of criticism would insist, but truly a lens. We look through it for the purified and honestly offered spirit of the artist. The ghosts of meaning that flit past the windows of his fictional house wear his face. And the reward of a lifetime of reading is a rich acquaintanceship with those gentle or powerful or rebellious or acceptant, those greatly mixed and humanly various but always greatly human ghosts.

Wallace Stegner, professor of English at Stanford University, is the author of many short stories and novels. His most recent book is "The Women on the Wall."

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SCRIBNERS

NEW EDITIONS

HENRY OSBORN TAYLOR'S "The Medieval Mind," first published in 1911 and now issued by the Harvard University Press (2 vols. $10), is a work of enduring value for everyone who wishes to understand the character, thoughts, emotions, and aims of the men and women of the Middle Ages. We must look elsewhere for political and economic records and for many features of the social scene but these volumes realize, as do no others that I know, their author's announced purpose of tracing "through the Middle Ages the development of intellectual energy and the growth of emotion." What Taylor has to tell us, broadly speaking, is how medieval man dealt with a great heritage: how he appropriated, assimilated, and transformed, in accordance with his own needs and goals, the store of antique learning and patristic literature that had come down to him. The process was made possible by such intermediaries as Boethius, Cassiodorus, and Isidore; it was carried forward by the Carolingians, whose task it was "to master the Christian and antique material"; it reached its intellectual zenith in the formulations of Aquinas, and its final synthesis in the "Divina Commedia." Dante "is not merely medieval; he is the end of the medieval development and the proper issue of the medieval genius. . . . When the contents of patristic Christianity and the surviving antique culture had been conceived anew, and had been felt as well, and novel forms of sentiment evolved, at last comes Dante to possess the whole, to think it, feel it, visualize its sum, and make of it a poem."

Taylor traversed his centuries with an authority that comes only from great knowledge and he wrote with a warmth and liveliness that are given only to historians who are endowed with sympathetic imagination.

Medieval man was obsessed with his own salvation. "All matters of philosophy or natural science had to relate themselves to the *summum bonum* of salvation in order to possess ultimate human interest." In much the same way the ancient Egyptians were obsessed with the problem of assuring their personal safety and survival in the world beyond the grave, where Osiris sat in judgment and where the condemned were devoured by the Eater of the Dead, while those who were not found wanting passed on to eternal bliss. So, in order to protect themselves against destruction—and against such minor netherworld misfortunes as the eating of filth—and in order to assure safe passage through a realm in which many dangers lurked and many doors were shut against those who did not know the magical passwords, the Egyptians devised innumerable formulas, litanies, hymns, and other presumably potent texts. These were in active use for some 5,000 years, and almost 200 of them may be read and studied in Sir Wallis Budge's famous translation of the Theban Recension of "The Book of the Dead"—an acknowledged masterwork in its field—which is distributed in the United States by Barnes & Noble ($7.50). No literature is better calculated to make a twentieth-century reader acutely aware of his fleeting and infinitesimal place in the chronological scheme of things, or better designed to convince him that there are virtually no limits to human credulity.

Peter Smith has reprinted two books by historians whose ideas have been influential in the recent rewriting of American history: "The American Revolution Considered as a Social Movement" ($2.25), by J. Franklin Jameson, and Frederick Jackson Turner's "The Significance of Sections in American History." In both new ground was broken that has since been cultivated. Professor Jameson, as his title indicates, was concerned with the effects of the Revolution upon American society in its largest sense; Professor Turner, in a dozen related papers, studied the development, importance, and probable future of "sectionalism" in our country and iterated his now famous thesis that the frontier, the West, "was a migrating region, a stage of society rather than a place." The average reader may prefer Jameson's subject to Turner's, but both volumes deserve high recommendation.

So, too, does Graham Wallas's "Human Nature in Politics" (Macmillan, $2), a brilliant analysis of man as a political creature and a creature of politics. Writing in 1908, Wallas smashed beyond repair the fallacious belief that man thinks intelligently or acts rationally in the political field. . . . Speaking of politics, the revised "Dictionary of American Politics" (Barnes & Noble, $3.25), by Smith and Zurcher, is most useful. —BEN RAY REDMAN.

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The New Recordings

COMPOSITION, PERFORMER, ALBUM NUMBER, NUMBER OF RECORDS	*Recording Technique, Surface* ENGINEERING	PERFORMANCE AND CONTENT

OF SPECIAL INTEREST

BACH: "ART OF THE FUGUE," transc. Roger Vuataz. Radio Orchestra of Beromunster, H. Scherchen.
London LP: LLP 2 (3)

Bach wrote just notes—no instrument indicated; transcription is thus a matter of choice within limits, like harpsichord, organ registration. (An ancient interpretive freedom after all; music's main sense is in pitch and rhythm, tone color is secondary.) Considerations: (a) maximum audible musical "sense," (b) stylistic consistency, according to usage of period, (c) phrasing and tempi similarly. This version (others have been for organ, string quartet, two pianos, etc.) hits good score, with some reservations. Big fugues are set for simple string group; parts clear, doubled bass most necessary. Woodwinds added sparingly, in good taste, solo (with nice color) in two-part canons, mirror works. Changes in "registration" not too overfrequent, following organ-harpsichord practice (i.e., voices not rigidly one-color; but no fancy romantic color changes). Some unpleasant minor anachronisms: arbitrary loud "motto" playing in c.IX, unfortunate ritard at unfinished end of Ms. (much better taken up-to-time). Musical playing, with good phrasing, tempi a bit heavy, ensemble rough à la Busch Players. Unseemly climaxes avoided. Recording: excellent ffrr, with sharp, close-to woodwinds. Altogether a satisfactory way to hear this music, with LP adding new coherence.

MUSIC FOR STRINGS

DVORAK: SERENADE IN E FOR STRINGS, OP. 22. Berlin Philharmonic, Von Benda. TCHAIKOVSKY: SERENADE IN C FOR STRINGS, OPUS 48. Amsterdam Concertgebouw, Mengelberg. Capitol LP: P-8060*	These Telefunkens evidently not new recordings; the Dvorak is the weaker in highs, rather tubby in bass; Tchaikovsky is brighter, but with some noise modulation. Entirely satisfactory for most machines. The Boston Symphony job, done at Tanglewood, is more resonant, at greater distance, somewhat blurred. Sharper highs, less bass—different equalization. Quieter surfaces than the older Capitol re-recordings.	Two similar informal works for string orchestra, one in two different versions. The Dvorak, not often heard, is more complex, nearer quartet style, a lovely, highly melodic work, lightened Brahms in texture—here played with fine dynamic tension. The Mengelberg Tchaikovsky is more intimate, tighter in construction than Koussevitzky's broad, rather gross concept. But BSO string ensemble can't be beat.
TCHAIKOVSKY: SERENADE IN C. Boston Symphony, Koussevitzky. RCA Victor 45: WDM 1346 (4)*		
BARTOK: DIVERTIMENTO FOR STRINGS (1939). Orchestra conducted by Tibor Serley. Bartok LP: BRS 005	An excellent, wide-range recording. Microphone (single?) is not ideally placed—sound is a bit narrow, somewhat thin. Not bad.	One more of the late Bartók works, this one novel (for B.) in its instrumentation. Cogent, easily understood, a true orchestral work quite unlike string quartets.
BRITTEN: VARIATIONS ON A THEME OF FRANK BRIDGE. Boyd Neel String Orchestra, Neel. London 78: LA 100 (3)	A very wide-range ffrr recording, but much of it is at such a very low level that little can be heard! Low surface noise helps.	An early and precocious work, a bit over-pretentious for its material but already showing the Britten sureness of style and instrumentation. Fine playing.
HOLST: "ST. PAUL'S SUITE" FOR STRINGS. Boyd Neel String Orch., Neel. London 78: LA 99 (2)	Same recording, but the music is fuller, more even-volumed. Markedly different results.	A good-humored, well-written suite of folk-dance-like music, working in several trad. English tunes—"Greensleeves," "Dargason." The best of this British style.

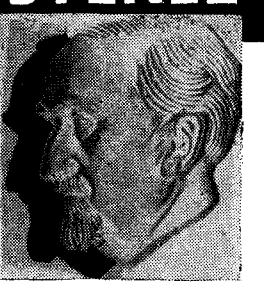
LITTLE MOZART SYMPHONY

MOZART: SYMPHONY #32 IN G, K.318. Berlin Philharmonic, Von Benda. Capitol 78: 8-86007 (1)*	Excellent recording of the better Telefunken sort, nicely live, setting off a warm performance.	Evidently this was an overture for a projected "Singspiel" in the French style. A short, three-part work, but highly worth while.

*Choice of speeds.

—EDWARD TATNALL CANBY.

THE AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF WILHELM STEKEL



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LONGEST RUN ON RECORD

IN THE valley of the Ammer the plague was raging, and there were many who thought the soldiers had brought it. Garmisch, Eschenlohe, and Kohlgrub had been overrun and all were in the grip of the sickness. Only Oberammergau had been spared.

On the outskirts of town the villagers mounted a double guard to keep out bearers of the epidemic. They lighted roaring plague fires to purify the air. So far the mountain village was in good health. Then one day—it was Church Consecration Day—a villager who had been working in Eschenlohe slipped through the barriers and went home to Oberammergau. He died the next day, and the epidemic was on. Eighty-four dropped dead before a procession of citizens made their way to the church and vowed to enact the sufferings of Christ if the plague could be stopped. Those who were ill are said to have recovered, and there were no more deaths.

Two years later, in 1634, Oberammergau offered its first Passion Play, a pageant which has become the longest running play in history. At 8:30 A.M. on May 21 the curtain on the open-air stage will part for the first performance in sixteen years. Normally the play is performed once every ten years, according to a pledge handed down by Oberammergauers from father to son. The play, symbolizing love, peace, and good will, was called off in 1870, 1920, and again in 1940, when the men of good faith were occupied fighting wars or recovering from their wounds.

THE PASSION PLAY SCHEDULE

May 21, 29
June 4, 11, 18, 21, 25, 28
July 2, 5, 9, 12, 16, 19, 23, 26, 30
August 2, 6, 9, 13, 16, 20, 23, 27, 30
September 3, 6, 10, 13, 17, 20, 24

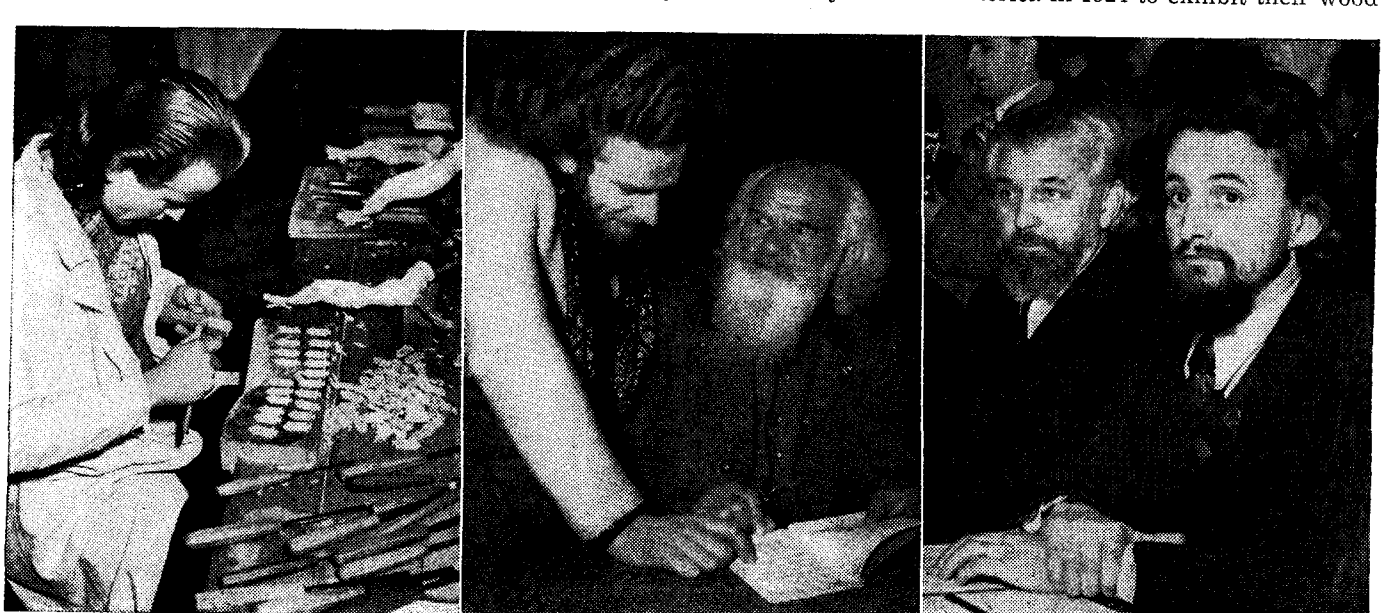
Before the special performance in 1934, which marked the 300th anniversary of the first Passion Play, the Nazis insisted they would not influence the production. But the tercentenary booklet implied slyly that the "dreadful visitation" of 1632 was not the black death, but "Bolshevism." On stage the Jewish mobs had never been so violent.

The following year the Passion Play was replaced in Nazified Oberammergau, only sixty-five miles from Munich, the birthplace of National Socialism, by an anti-Jewish drama called "The Harvest." The play depicted the betrayal of an "Aryan" girl by a Jew. The lead was played by Anton Lang, the Christ of 1900, 1910, and 1922 productions, an honored citizen to whom Henry Ford had once given an automobile.

The occupying forces which had to resolve the problems of German famine in 1920 were forced to cope with local political poisoning after World War II. In 1934 154 roles including the Christ and the Apostles were played by Nazis. Military Government finally decreed that any Nazi tried by a denazification court who had paid his fine would be eligible for the 1950 production. The village committee had to prove that the 2,600 people connected with the play, comprising more than half the population, had been purged of Hitlerian tendencies. The angel for this year's spectacle is none other than Uncle Sam, who put up $300,000 as a loan. The prologue will be read by Alois Lang (no relation to Anton, who died in 1938), the newly-cleansed Nazi Christ of 1934.

U. S. dollars were also credited with saving the season in 1922, when an estimated half of the audience were Americans. During the same year a report was circulated that the Vatican frowned on the "scandalous profiteering," the speculations in currency, the reservations fraudulently sold in the house of the Christ, and other un-Christian activities. The Papal Nuncio in Germany at the time was Monsignor Pacelli, now Pope Pius XII. Although the Vatican denied the report credited to it, there was no secret that Munich tradesmen openly discriminated against foreigners, with the highest prices reserved for Americans. By law three state theatres in the city were required to charge foreigners triple the price asked of natives. Two thousand Americans passing through Munich on May 13, 1922, rode the sixty-five miles of mountain roads in the rain. During the Thirties some villagers got to calling those connected with the play *Oberammergauners. A gauner* is a swindler. A Berlin newspaper chimed in by suggesting that the play be moved to New York and Al Jolson given the lead.

Despite the depredations, the Passion Players steadfastly insist that the pageant is a solemn act of religious worship. Although they came to America in 1924 to exhibit their wood



—Wide World Photos.

Woodcarver's chips fly in Oberammergau souvenir shop . . . as oldest and youngest players compare beards and parts . . . and Alois Lang and Anton Preisinger, the Christ (far right), rehearse.

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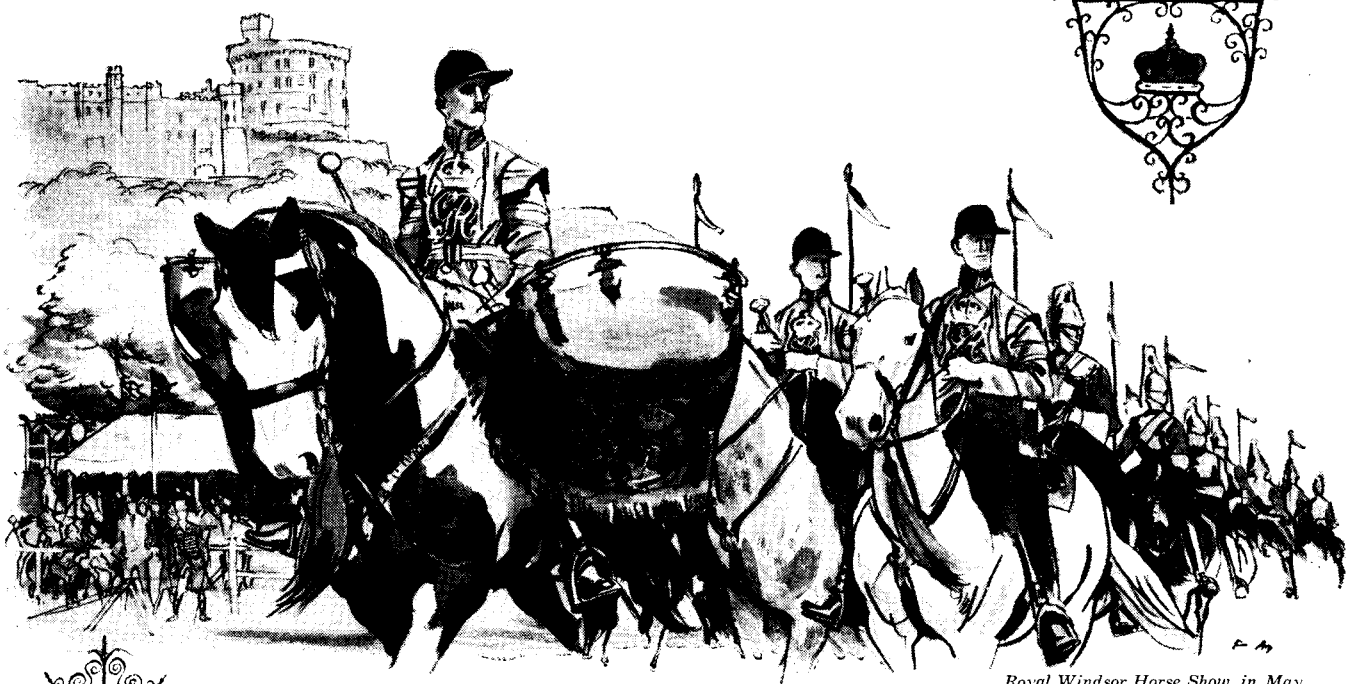
Signs of a Royal Welcome...



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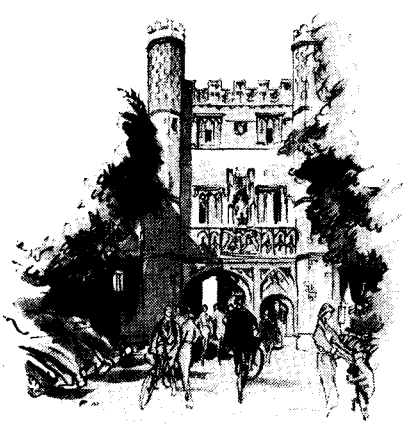

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Of all the Inn Signs you'll see in Britain, perhaps the most frequent are "royal" ones like those on this page. But the same royal welcome awaits you at the sign of *The Hand in Hand*, for instance, or *The Woolpack, The Spread Eagle, The Hare and Hounds, The Peveril of the Peak.*

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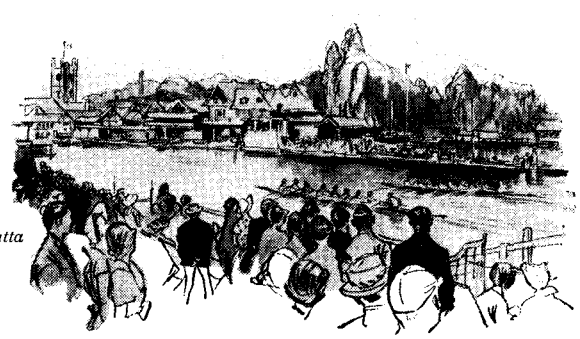

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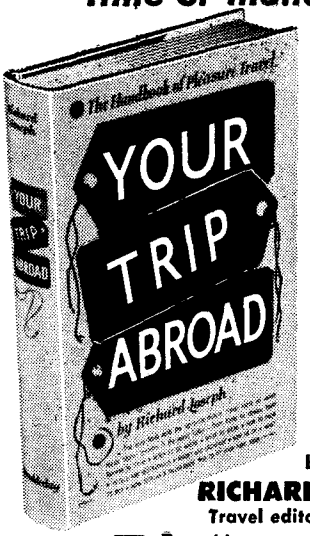

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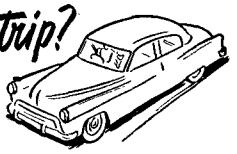

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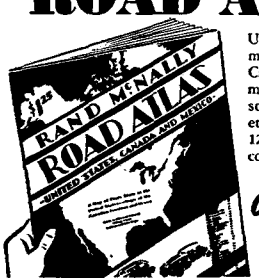

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carvings in a number of Eastern cities, they stoutly refused to accept a million-dollar offer for the motion-picture rights. It would be "too commercial," they said. The trip netted the Bavarians $15,000 in cash and $75,000 in orders, but when the expedition returned home the village council thought they had been deceived and dispatched an envoy back to the United States to check the books. The original American committee who had invited the Germans included John D. Rockefeller, Jr., W. A. Harriman, and Frank W. Waterman, head of the pen company, who were forced to hire a lawyer to mediate the dispute. Wood carvings of the Oberammergauers were exhibited again during the winter Olympics of 1936, held at Garmisch-Partenkirchen. For this occasion the villagers combined their religious heritage with the spirit of the moment and produced figures of Mary Magdalene and the disciples in flowing robes—on skis.

To eliminate some of the chicanery which attended previous productions, visitors this year will be required to book accommodations through American Express, Cook's, or the Amtliches Bayerisches Reiseburo, a local travel bureau. The play will be performed every Wednesday and Saturday, but the Oberammergauers insist that playgoers book reservations for a minimum of three nights. Visitors may stay for a shorter period but they will be required to pay the minimum charge. There are a few small hotels in the village (one called the Alois Lang), but the bulk of the rooms are available in the homes of members of the cast. American Express, for example, has nineteen beds reserved during each performance in the hotel owned by Anton Preisinger, the Christ of 1950. The entire residence of Anni Maier, this year's Virgin Mary, has been requisitioned by the U. S. Army for troops coming to the play. A three-day stay in Oberammergau will cost about $15 to $20, including meals, which are served at the residence or sometimes at a nearby *pension*.

The Passion Play Theatre, right in town, can seat 5,000 people, all under cover. Each performance lasts from 8:30 in the morning until 6:00 at night, with two hours set aside for lunch. The part of Christ itself takes an hour to recite. During one scene the Christ is required to hang motionless on the cross, most of his body bare to the chill mountain winds, for a period of twenty-eight minutes. Seven and a half hours on the wooden seats might prove equally trying to the audience, but the Oberammergauers make a concession to comfort by selling seat cushions at a nominal cost.

—HORACE SUTTON.

TRAVELERS' TALES

YOUR TRIP ABROAD, by Richard Joseph. Doubleday. $2.95. If you're on your way to Hoboken or Hawaii you'll find Mr. Joseph's the most complete volume of information on foreign travel published since the war. As travel editor of *Esquire* he has visited some thirty-five countries, nearly all of which are covered here in authoritative, yet friendly fashion. He passes along to you from his notebook the places where he gorged himself in Paris, the caffès in which he comfortably dawdled over his coffee in Rome, not to mention the addresses where he had a "high time in the low countries." It is the only single volume on the market that covers all of Europe up to the curtain, Bermuda, the West Indies, Central and South America, and Hawaii. There are almost a hundred pages of family talk destined to keep you comfortable, happy, solvent, and out of foreign jails. He'll also advise you where to pick up a Pic-Poc-Pruf belt and tell you why your luggage ought to include 100 sulfadiazene tablets, ½ grain each.

ROME, edited by Herbert Bittner and Ernest Nash. Introduction by Giuseppe Prezzolini. Henry Regnery. $6.50. A beautiful, big souvenir book that combines 171 rich photographs of the city with an engaging text that is both poetic and scholarly. Mr. Prezzolini, professor of Italian literature at Columbia, describes the architectural tides of Rome, the coming of Michelangelo and the Baroque, the influence of Bernini and Borromini. He is at once able to convey the feeling of the Compagna (it has too few trees and too many hunters) and also recall Rome's impressions on the mind of Goethe, Poe, Stendhal, Hans Christian Andersen, and Edith Wharton. While artfully produced, the photographs

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deal more often with the stone faces of the city than with the human.

NEWMAN'S EUROPEAN TRAVEL GUIDE, by Harold Newman. Holt. $2.95. A corporation lawyer for twenty years, Mr. Newman has written a counselor's report on Europe. The result is a humorless if careful and considered review of conditions the traveler may expect in the popular tourist countries. Although "Newman's" closely follows the format of the best-selling "Fielding's"—it might be called the cut-rate "Fielding's"—it makes no mention of Portugal, Spain, Greece, Turkey, and less-traveled lands covered in the other omnibus guides. While "Newman's" may do for the tripper, it will not prove complete for the American traveling salesman pushing doorbells in Belgrade or Ankara. Mr. Newman is at his best when planning the trip, and he offers sound advice on foods. He includes a thorough treatise on motoring abroad, which you won't find anywhere else except the AAA's own guidebook, and there are some sensible notions in the back of the book about returning to the United States with the blessings of the customs, health, and immigration people. —H. S.

Oberammergau, USA

I FIRST saw the Spearfish Passion Play exactly one week before Hitler concluded his nonaggression pact with Russia. The sky had been cloudy all day and in the middle of the trial scene the rain came with a stiff wind behind it. In the courtyard of Pilate's palace the howling mob was getting wet to the hide—as was the audience.

The veil of rain under the big spotlights gave it a ghostly, intangible quality. . . The Christus shouldered his cross and began to stagger up the muddy road. . . and presently there were three pathetically white and frail-looking figures hanging to three crosses on a hillock. . . Then suddenly the stage went black. The amphitheatre lights went on. And there an audience of about five hundred people were standing up absolutely motionless looking into the blind night with the rain beating into their eyes. . . In a moment they stirred, as I did, like people who had been asleep. And everybody filed slowly out.

—*Robert J. Casey on the Black Hills Passion Play in "The Black Hills" (Bobbs-Merrill).*

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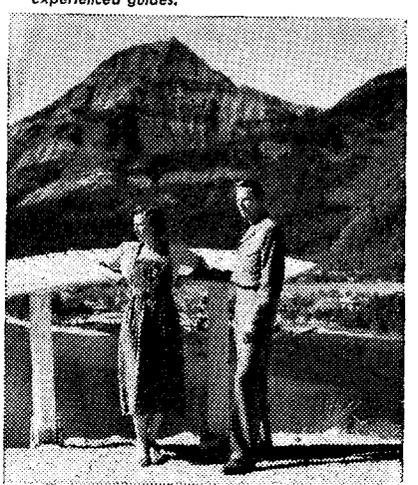

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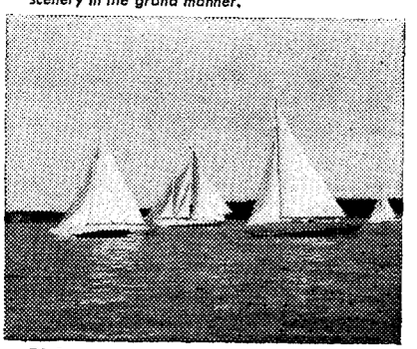

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Ambrosia to Taste

LAWTON MACKALL

NOTHING so sets up an amateur gourmet's ego as does the ability to do a fine dish in his own kitchen or, better still, in that of some tolerant friend. And nowadays the epicurean culinary manuals have made it easy for him. By merely conning their directions, presto chango, he is Escoffier *redivivus*—or someone sporting a similar bonnet, in spirit at least.

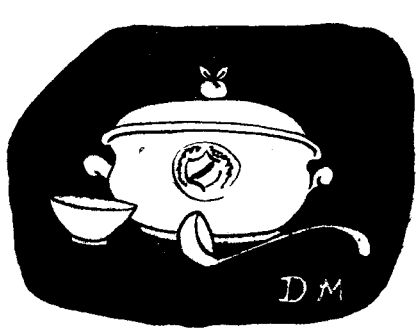
I speak feelingly being one of them.

As a concession to our cult the master's magnum opus, "Guide Culinaire," has been brought down to wieldy size under the title of "The Escoffier Cook Book" (Crown, $3). This, with its 2,973 recipes, is truly the codex of classical cookery, written for professionals but indispensable to any amateur who desires undiluted doctrine laid down by the most famous chef and greatest kitchen teacher of modern times. Just as Linnaeus systematized Nature, so Escoffier systematized soups, from clearest to most complicated. A purée, he explains, has a vegetable base, while a cullis is based on game or fowl, whereas a bisque leans on shellfish though in former times it often loose-thinkingly meant birds; and seven other soup categories are similarly put to rights. Surveying sauces, he points out that Allemande and Espagnole have no connection with Germans and Spaniards beyond their respective complexions: Allemande is blond, Espagnole dark. And so on, wisdom upon wisdom, right up to after-dinner coffee. Unfortunately, we nonprofessionals are hampered by not possessing the larder and facilities of a grand hotel such as the Savoy in London, where Escoffier was in charge. Also, the index, despite its length, is a bit baffling. If one seeks to know how guinea hen Souvaroff is prepared, one finds Souvaroff listed under three other feathered candidates for stuffing with foie gras and truffles, but not under guinea hen. However, pursuit along such collateral trails eventually leads to the quarry—providing it or its kin is among the 2,973.

Vichyssoise isn't. That chive-sprinkled delight, cool boon in summer and good hot in winter, was created and introduced by Louis Diat, who opened the kitchens of New York's Ritz-Carlton and still rules them. A prize packet of Diat recipes, including the Vichyssoise, is vouchsafed to laymen in his "Cooking à la Ritz" (Lippincott, $4) and a provincial collection in "French Cooking for Americans" (Lippincott, $3.50). Even the latter book, with its meticulously detailed procedures for coq au vin, confit d'oie, terrine of pheasant, and such, is hardly plain cooking, though it presumably seems so to a superlative artist like Monsieur Diat. Gourmets for generations to come will revere his perfectionism and revel in it.

Simpler home cooking of France has long been associated with the name "Tante Marie" affixed to an invaluable little volume of recipes which remained difficult for Americans unaccustomed to centiliters and grammes. Now, finally, it has been effectively translated and adapted by Charlotte Turgeon as "Tante Marie's French Kitchen" (Oxford, $3.50). Deft decorations and quaint proverbs add to the book's allure. Recipes are terse and mostly thrifty; to tease us they include two turbot dishes. Wines are American and competently presented.

A very real person, Mme. Germaine Carter, of Northern France, assembled from her family store of lore "The Home Book of French Cookery," which Doubleday has just brought out ($2.95); she worked on it hungrily during a five-year internment in Germany. How good these dishes must have "tasted" as she transcribed them! As for "The Cordon Bleu Cook Book," of Dione Lucas (Little, Brown, $3), need I tell you that this is the remarkable lady who cooks in front of a television camera between running her Cordon Bleu Restaurant and her Cordon Bleu Cooking School? Fastidiousness and finesse are exemplified in every dish she offers from her Lucullan curriculum, and they are many and varied, ranging from eggplant caviar, to squash and chestnut soup, to sole Juliette (with eggplant and tomato), to shrimps with leeks, to various of her famous omelettes and other egg dishes, to steak and kidney pie, to breast of veal with raisins and sour cream, to Swiss plum tart and cold apple-brandy mousse. The volume itself is most inviting and contains not only an excellent chapter on wines but, in addition, a chart of their uses, illustrated with correct glasses.



OF BOOKS about cooks, an especial favorite of mine is the amusing "Clémentine in the Kitchen," by Phineas Beck (Hastings House, $3). This wonder gal from Burgundy profits handily from the fact that her narrator is in reality the etcher-gourmet Samuel Chamberlain, who chose to hide his literary gifts but is generous with his superb drypoints of old France and old New England. After halcyon days in Senlis, with Clémentine turning out lobster Américaine, truffles and chestnuts en cocotte, and backyard snails prepared in the Burgundian manner, along with good wines from a well-stocked cellar, European war clouds intervene and the scene changes to America, where she finds language and marketing difficulties. Blueberries are to her "ces petits machins bleus." But she makes them into a tart, and it is found that "a clean little Vouvray or Anjou is all that is needed to complete the utter sublimation of the American blueberry."

From a different quarter of the globe came kitchen queen "Katish," by Wanda L. Frolov (Farrar, Straus, $3). Foisted onto a Los Angeles family by a well-meaning relative, this White Russian refugee, with her imperturbable good nature, soon had them on a Slavic diet and liking it, particularly the pelmeny (dumplings), the duckling with kasha, the chicken à la Kiev, and old Russian fruit cake. Straight from the heart is "Stina," by Herman Smith (Barrows,

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$2.50), about an Alsatian treasure who came into a Michigan family of children where the mother was an invalid and raised them along with feeding them with her native dishes as well as American fare. After both the parents died she continued on, seeing one after another of the children leave the nest for homes of their own, until she was left with the youngest, who pays her this tribute, studded with her recipes for dishes such as wine soup, red cabbage and cranberries, onion pie, beef tongue in wine, Alsatian brioche, choucroute garni, Alsatian style, baked eggs with liver, Ohio lemon pie.

THE CAREER of the late Louis de Gouy, principal chef in famous hotels on both sides of the Atlantic and around-the-globe chef-steward of J. P. Morgan's yacht *Wild Duck*, would have made a very interesting autobiography had he chosen to write it, and Louis de Gouy wrote well. But he was more interested in gastronomy. "The Gold Cook Book" (Greenberg, $7.50) is his principal literary monument.

In this fat volume of 1,265 pages he treats of dishes as graphically as though he had wooden-spoon in hand. The more than 2,400 recipes are only a part of this feast of information, for every topic is introduced with an explanatory treatise crammed with data and practical hints but never dull. I am astonished to note that in one instance he was taken in by that wag Charles Lamb with the story of the origin of roast pig in China, which the erudite De Gouy hands on to the reader as bona fide. Maybe this is like the flaw in an Oriental rug—put in for luck. Readers who find all-inclusiveness a trifle awesome are partial to smaller-size specialized books devoted to single branches of culinary knowledge. As you have no doubt discovered, some of these are outstandingly good and wouldn't be any more convenient if thrice as bulky. For instance, into an overcoat pocket or a lady's handbag fits "The Art of Italian Cookery," by Maria Lo Pinto (Doubleday, $2.75), yet I defy anybody to name a better. It defines and illustrates two dozen forms of pasta and provides a glossary of Italian terms and a section on wines, customs, and festivals, with traditional festival menus. My Italian friends tell me the recipes are authentic. "The Art of Fish Cookery," by Milo Miloradovich (Doubleday, $3.50), a fatter volume but compact, is aswim with information on every variety of fresh and salt-water trove available in any of the nation's markets. Their seasons. Their sizes. How to prepare them for table. "The Art of Egg Cookery," by

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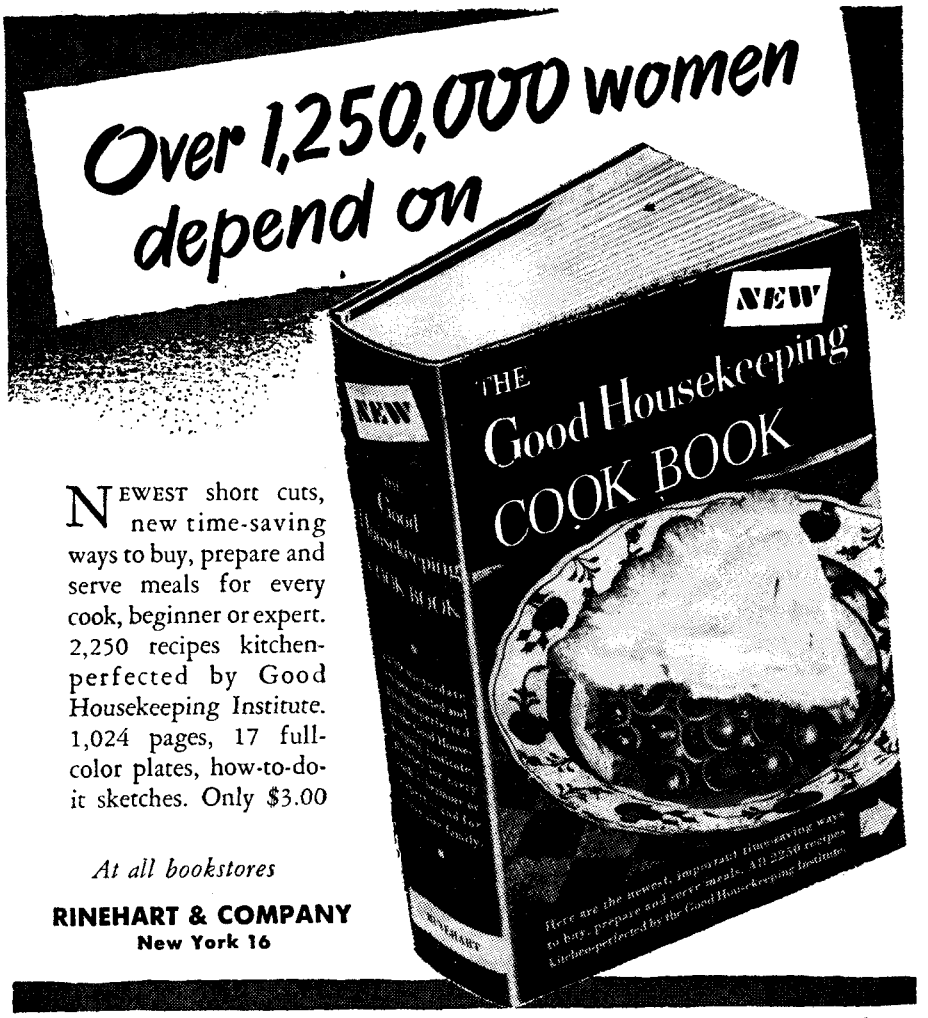

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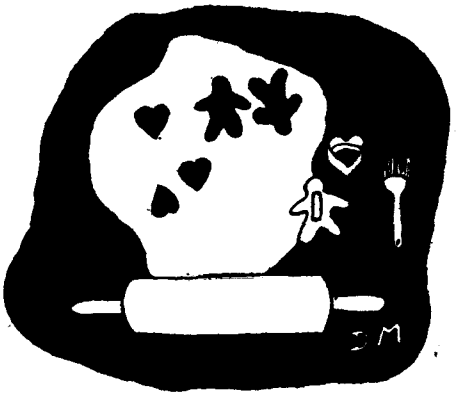
Anne Seranne, and "The Art of Cheese Cookery," by Nika Standen (Doubleday, $1.95 each), cover their respective fields tastily and with happy departures from the humdrum. "The Book of Herb Cookery," by Irene Botsford Hoffman (Houghton Mifflin, $3), is bursting with tangs and fragrances from the garden and recipes utilizing them to advantage.

Jeanne Owen, chatelaine of the tasting parties of the Wine and Food Society of New York, wrote ten years ago "A Wine Lover's Cook Book" (Barrows, $2), which to my way of thinking is still unapproached as a guide to food and wine harmonies. Typical of Mrs. Owen's style is this comment on bouillabaisse: "Decidedly a winter dish, as in the cold weather fish travel to market with much less fatigue than in the heat of summer." Her "Book of Sauces" (Barrows, $2) is easier reading than Escoffier, with which it checks, and sprightlier. In "Lunching and Dining at Home" (Knopf, $2.50) she presents distinctive menus for all four seasons and for Sunday breakfast and Sunday supper —in every instance with complete details and wine suggestions (Sunday breakfast excepted).

That serene Olympian André Simon, the Wine and Food Society's world head, gives his conception of fine lunching and dining in "André Simon's French Cook Book," revised two years ago by Crosby Gaige (Little, Brown, $3). Nearly half the volume is devoted to grandiose glossaries of wines and cuisine terms. Gaige's posthumously published "Dining with My Friends" (Crown, $3) is a stimulating symposium wherein each participant, wittily introduced, describes his or her favorite menu and manner of preparation and serving. On what foods Boston Brahmins feed at the Club of Odd Volumes is divulged in "An Odd Volume of Cookery," by Louise Lane Morrisey and Marion Lane Sweeney (Houghton Mifflin, $2.50). Interpolation of ¼ oz. Grand Marnier into their Martinis is beyond my comprehension.



That culinary endeavors are fun is the theme, in text and pictures, of James Beard's "The Fireside Cook Book" (Simon & Schuster, $5), gala quarto with pinup jacket. Looks like a gift book but I'm not parting with mine, because Beard is one of our better gourmets as was previously proven by his "Hors d'Oeuvre and Canapés" and his "Cook It Outdoors" (Barrows, $2, $2.50). For deerburgers, armadillo sausage, muskrat meat loaf, beaver fricassee, and woodchuck pie Epicure, apply to "Cooking Wild Game," by Frank G. Ashbrook and Edna N. Sater (Orange Judd, $4).

IS THERE a hall for hire? I hate to be so brief about books so interesting, so concerned with what keeps human beings alive. Were space available I could be voluble regarding the gustatory affirmations of Angelo Pelligrini in "The Unprejudiced Palate" (Macmillan, $3). To this Tuscan-born trencherman, who manual-labored his way to an education and is now an English Lit. teacher at the University of Washington, the formula for the good life is homemade wine shared with one's children from toddler age up, homegrown vegetables, and Italian cookery with garlic in every dish. Fine and dandy, say I, willing to match him clove for clove. But when he slurs tripe à la mode de Caen it wounds me. Cooler in tone but rich in culinary acumen is "A Man and His Meals," by Fletcher Pratt and Robeson Bailey (Holt, $2.50). No recipes as such, just coaching by men of experience. But how could this team twice aver that shrimps and crawfish are the same? The entire Swedish colony would rise at any such allegation. Which reminds me to cite "Good Food from Sweden," by Inga Norberg (Barrows, $2), for including Paris Snacks —Svensk improvement on hamburger sandwich—not to be found in "Scandinavian Cookery for Americans," by Florence Brobeck and Monika Kjellberg (Little, Brown, $3). On all other counts I'd rate the latter book superior in its coverage of Swedish fare, and it takes in also the cuisine of Norway, Denmark, and Finland. Plus drinks.

Dainty and slyly seasoned dish to set before a reader is M. F. K. Fisher's "An Alphabet for Gourmets" (Viking, $3). Certainly nobody needs to teach this lady her ABC's in the enchantment game. (Even the printer has me enamored.) Civilization is enormously, permanently in her debt for her sensitively exact translation of Brillat-Savarin's "The Physiology of Taste" (Heritage Press, $5), a volume to "roll on one's tongue like a great wine."

Armenian fleshpot principles are fittingly expounded by restaurateur George Mardikian in his "Dinner at Omar Khayyam's" (Viking, $2.75), with due tribute to the longevity-building properties of madzoon—yogurt to you. A flavorful book blessed with an introductory history of good eating in San Francisco by Joseph Henry Jackson. Cuisine of twelve countries, from Greece to Iran, are collated in "Good Food from the Near East" (Barrows, $2.75), by Joan Rowland (Mrs. Nicholas Mocharniuk). A job never before accomplished so far as I know, and very ably. As for Mrs. Buwei Yang Chao's "How to Cook and Eat in Chinese" (revised, enlarged edition, John Day, $3.75), I bow low to graciousness that smacks of genius. At long last we are given a working knowledge of Chinese culinary art in all its branches.

Up to the minute for general utility is "The New Century Cook Book," revised and enlarged by Demetria Taylor (Appleton - Century - Crofts $3). From canapés to canning. All ingredients in order of entry. Meat dishes carry suggestions as to accompanying vegetables. Helpful charts, tables, cooking terms, cross-references. Wide choice of dinners prepared in half an hour. A shelf in itself.

Lordly lavishness of the last century speaks out from the broad pages of "The Epicurean," mammoth tome by Charles Ranhofer, chef of Delmonico's (Hotel Monthly Press, Chicago, $10). Menus of memorable affairs, 1862-94. Dinner to Dickens, to Grover Cleveland, et al. The 800 illustrations include table settings — American style, Russian style, French style—kitchen equipment, carving, wine service. More than 3,700 recipes. Price of this juicy volume figures at about $1.38 per pound. I've paid higher for calf's liver.

Lawton Mackall, restaurant editor of Gourmet *magazine and member of New York City's Board of Higher Education, is the author of "Knife and Fork in New York" and other books.*

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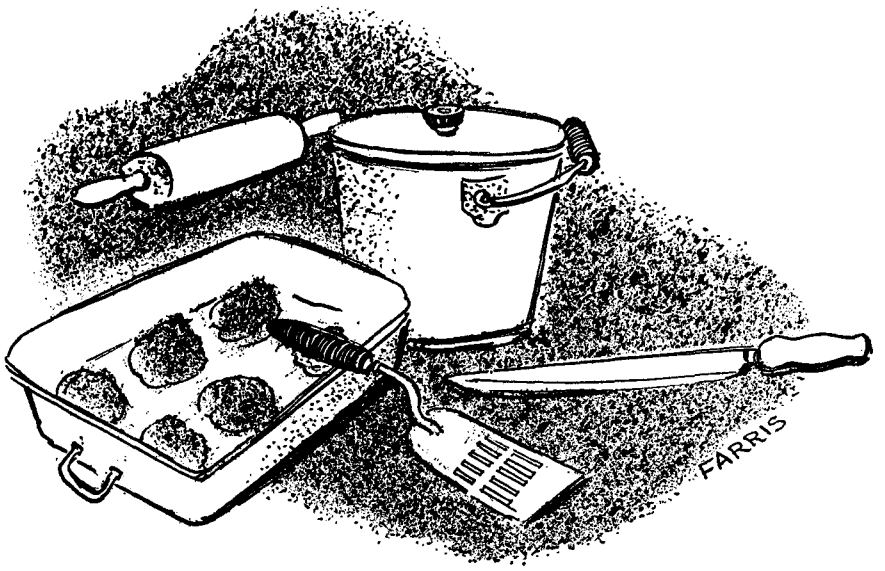

Victuals du Jour

LITA BANE

THE WORD "cookbook" is a memory-stirring one. One of my earliest recollections is of a well-worn "Whitehouse Cookbook" open on the kitchen table when in muffler and mittens I came in from play to be greeted by the heavenly smell of frying doughnuts.

But cookbooks serve not only as reminders of a happy past and as guides for a busy present. They are used more often than you might think by both men and women as sheer recreation. I was once surprised to hear an office worker who lived in one room with no chance at all for "kitchen privileges" say that she kept on her bedside table a copy of Emily Dickinson's poems and a cookbook. She found they put her in a pleasant frame of mind. I have no doubt that the enchanting "Fireside Cookbook," by James Beard (Simon & Schuster, $5), is one of her favorites, beautifully printed and illustrated as it is. I call it a "heartwarming" book. The new, amusing "Rector's Gay Nineties" (Doubleday, $3.50) will undoubtedly have a place too.

Another such book is "The Williamsburg Art of Cookery or Accomplished Gentlewoman's Companion, Being a Collection of Upwards of 500 of the Most Ancient and Approved Recipes in Virginia Cookery." The book is printed in old-style type and the illustrations are "drawn in simulation of eighteenth-century engravers" but the recipes have been rewritten in modern terms. And always there is Della Lutes's "Country Kitchen" (Little, Brown, $2.50), which can be read and reread without losing its delightful flavor. For those who enjoy their recipes more or less "straight" any of the books mentioned later will serve.

Time was when cooking was looked upon as an art and art only. That was largely what it was. With the development of the sciences, particularly chemistry, the scientific side of cook ing has had its innings. There had always been unexplained cooking failures — "bad luck" they were called. With the help of science some of the complicated formulae, which recipes or, "receipts," really are, were studied and standardized to reduce the number of failures.

Part of our difficulty came from lack of standard measuring devices and even lack of a standard vocabulary. The cup could mean, and usually did, a broken handled tea or coffee cup that had become a permanent resident of the sugar or flour bin. Spoons were even worse, not only as to size, which varied greatly, but what was a "rounded teaspoon" — all that would possibly stay on it? Then what, pray, was a "slightly rounded teaspoon"? And the "hot oven"?

The scientists attacked these problems and the engineers were right on their heels and soon we had standard measuring cups and spoons and all sorts of cooking thermometers — oven, meat, candy, and thermometers to use in deep-fat frying. How did all these fit the old cookbooks? In most cases, not at all. They provided a good market for the new cookbooks. But even when measurements and measuring devices had been standardized there was still that fateful procedure that often made the difference between success and failure.

To tell in words just how something is done is almost impossible, particularly to make it clear to the beginner. The first series of pictures showing each step through to a finished product was a godsend to the young homemaker. That the need was great is indicated by the fact that when one of the food companies published a small book picturing the exact steps to take in baking it had a distribution of almost four and a half million. Now movies, the slow-motion ones especially, are even more popular.

Another factor affecting our cookbooks is nutrition research. While in the main we may eat for the enjoyment of eating, we must also bear in mind that if we are to have good health, we must eat what our bodies need for repair, growth, and energy. Some people make the glum assumption that if anything tastes good it is sure not to be good for you. But science need not defeat art and many of the newer books have gone far in combining the two most pleasantly.

COOKBOOKS have many origins. They are a popular way for women's organizations to raise money. Schools where cooking is taught provide some books. Newspapers and magazines furnish others. Individuals whose recipes have proven popular sometimes publish a collection. Also a chef occasionally writes a cookbook or provides recipes for someone else to use. Trade associations and food companies have published some excellent recipes. They are more likely to publish them in pamphlet form than as a book. The Bureau of Human Nutrition and Home Economics of the United States Department of Agriculture also publishes leaflets and has just released a small cookbook, "Family Fare,"

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The modern cookbooks owe much of their success to the great amount of research that has been carried on in recent years in home-economics laboratories. A book first published in 1928 based on research done at the University of Chicago by Evelyn Halliday and Isabel Noble and accurately entitled "Hows and Whys of Cooking" (University of Chicago Press, $3.75) has revolutionized some cooking methods. For example, they found that most of us had been mixing our muffins too much and our biscuits too little.

There is also a question of the best way to write a recipe to make it understandable. The American Home Economics Association made some valuable suggestions a few years ago and it is good to see the number of new cookbooks and revised ones making use of their recommendations.

The market offers a large number of excellent cookbooks. Out of the vast array I have chosen some representatives of a number of classes of books and the list is, of course, not exhaustive. I have tried to select only books in which the directions are sufficiently explicit to be used by a homemaker with reasonably satisfactory results. Some are better than others. Also some parts of a book are better than other parts of the same book. In the main the ingredients called for are available and with our present excellent mail-order service all except the perishables can usually be assembled.

Most kitchens have little bookshelf space. The cookbooks kept there are the ones most often used. These should be thoroughly trustworthy and not too heavy to be handled easily. I have chosen what I call my Kitchen Shelf Standbys from among the following:

"The Basic Cookbook," by Heseltine and Dow (Houghton Mifflin, $3), is a revision of their earlier "Good Cooking Made Easy," which might well serve as a subtitle to the much enlarged edition. A good book for a beginner as well as for the experienced, its recipes are reliable, based on sound knowledge, ingredients are inexpensive and easily obtained, directions are simple and clear, and the authors have eliminated unnecessary steps. They frequently suggest what to do when a recipe does not turn out right.

"Better Homes and Gardens Cookbook" (Meredith Publishing Co., Des Moines, Ia., $3) has unusually good recipes. It is a loose-leaf book, making it simple to add new recipes. Both new and experienced cooks like it.

Fannie Farmer's "Boston Cooking-School Cookbook," (Little, Brown, $3), is so well known to most of us that it scarcely needs comment. It ranks among the best for a large assortment of quality recipes.

"THE New Century Cookbook" (Appleton-Century-Crofts, $3) is brand new and is based on "Good Food and How to Cook It," by Phyllis Kraft Newill, which has been revised by Demetria Taylor. Recipes have been set up according to American Home Economics Association design, making them easy to use, and they are numbered, making them easy to find. The last number is 1,433, which gives you an idea of the size of the book. An introductory chapter, "What Every Cook Doesn't Know," covers a variety of topics, including prepared mixes, pressure saucepans, quick-frozen foods, leftovers and what to do with them. A section on half-hour meals is a boon to the hurried cook.

"The Settlement Cookbook," by Mrs. Simon Kander (Settlement Cook Book Co., Milwaukee, Wis., $2.50), is also to be relied upon for good recipes. It is of interest to note that the author of this widely used book gives all her proceeds to charity.

Stored on my regular bookshelves in another part of the house are the books which are likely to be labeled "complete" knowing that we will be sure to realize that they are only relatively so. There are several noteworthy, thoroughly reliable ones running to 1,000 pages or more and containing great numbers of recipes.

"Good Housekeeping Cookbook" (Rinehart, $3) is published by the magazine of that name. There is a 1949 edition, which maintains the high standards of its predecessors for dependable theory, tables, and recipes.

"New York Herald Tribune's Home Institute Cookbook" (Scribner, $3.50) and the one published by *Woman's Home Companion* (Garden City, $3.50) are about the same size and coverage and are valuable for interesting, up-to-date, reliable recipes.

"The Gold Cookbook," by Master Chef Louis P. De Gouy (Greenberg, $7.50), with an introduction by Oscar of the Waldorf, has many unusual recipes.

Even more comprehensive are the encyclopedias. Meta Given has published a two-volume, 1,698-page one replete with color photographs, picture sequences of just how some things are done, such as packaging food for freezing and different methods of mixing cakes. In "Modern Encyclopedia of Cooking" (J. G. Ferguson, Chicago, 2 vols., $7.50) she has expanded her definition to include meal planning, shopping, social usage, table setting and service, kitchen planning and equipment, and even a chapter that should surely add to its popularity for it is entitled "Dish-washing Made Easy." Tables of nutritive value and simple lessons in nutrition make it just what the jacket says it is, a clearly written book that will tempt the beginner as well as the experienced cook.

An inclusive one-volume encyclopedia having some 1,300 pages is "The Wise Encyclopedia of Cookery" (William H. Wise, New York, $7.50) compiled from many sources. It is arranged alphabetically beginning with à la mode, which is carefully defined, and ending with zythum, an ancient beverage, a kind of beer. In between one finds many recipes and much valuable information about food. There are sixty-four color illustrations.

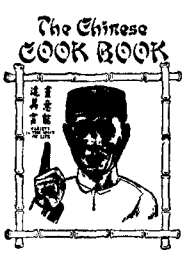
The cookbook library usually expands to include special interests. Here are some:

"The Joy of Cooking," by Irma Rombauer (Bobbs-Merrill, $3), a compilation of reliable recipes with an occasional culinary chat, almost 900 pages of varied and interesting recipes. "Five Hundred Recipes by Request," by Jeanne M. Hall and Belle Anderson Ebner (Barrows, $3). This book was written in response to the many requests made by guests in the Anderson Hotel in Wabasha, Minnesota, where Mother Anderson's dishes "Three Generations Good" are still served. Many of the choicest recipes are of Pennsylvania Dutch origin.

Duncan Hines's "Adventures in Good Cooking" (Duncan Hines, New York, $1.75) is another collection of unusually tempting recipes. You have no doubt heard of his chocolate fudge upside-down cake, which seems to have gained a wide reputation.

"Time Readers' Book of Recipes" (Dutton, $2.50) is a 1949 publication of 230 favorite and unusual recipes of the women who read *Time* magazine. The recipes were selected by Florence Arfmann, an experienced home economist, and are signed.

"Cooking for Two," by Janet McKenzie Hill (Little, Brown, $2.50), completely revised by Sally Larkin,



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has recently had its forty-second printing, attesting its usefulness.

"The Working Girl's Own Cookbook," by Hazel Young (Little, Brown, $2.50), has three main divisions, "Eat Alone and Like It," "Cooking for Two," and "The Company Dinner."

The homemaker who often helps with church suppers and other community meals will find a large-quantity book valuable. One of the "tried and true" is "Recipes at Moderate Cost," by Constance C. Hart (Appleton-Century-Crofts, $4). Each recipe is planned to serve fifty. Another is "Food for Fifty," by Fowler and West, (Wiley, $3.50).

"The Frozen Food Cookbook," by Jean Simpson and Demetria Taylor with the technical assistance and cooperation of the Frozen Food Foundation (Simon & Schuster, $2.95), is unique since it deals entirely with the frozen foods now so popular, giving directions for freezing them, using them, and storing them. Many menus are also included.

"America Cooks," by The Browns, Cora, Rose and Bob (Garden City, $2.49), contains typical recipes from each of the forty-eight states, for the most part using native products.

"California Cookbook," by Genevieve Callahan (Barrows, $3), reflects the individualistic California way of life according to the author, who has had wide experience as a home economist in the journalistic field. Menus and recipes for both indoor and outdoor eating have been welcomed by good cooks everywhere.

"The New Connecticut Cookbook" (Harper, $3) is a collection of signed recipes from Connecticut kitchens, of worldwide origin.

There are many books of recipes of foreign origin. More and more of them are coming to the market, usually tempered to the American taste if they are originally too much out of line to be relished. Someone has suggested that eating foreign food will promote good international relations. My own feeling is that it will depend largely on whether the dishes are enjoyed.

"The World Wide Cookbook," by Pearl V. Metzelthin (Tudor, New York, $2.49), contains menus and recipes from seventy-two countries collected largely when she was traveling about the world with her diplomat-husband. Her directions are clear and the ingredients usually available. There are also some smaller books of recipes derived from the cookery of various parts of the world.

Lita Bane, professor of home economics at the University of Illinois, was formerly associate editor of The Ladies' Home Journal.

Cook's Kitchen

By Dorothy Michael

THE SOUP BOOK, by Louis P. De Gouy. Greenberg Publisher. $4.50. Brillat-Savarin once remarked that a woman who couldn't make soup shouldn't be allowed to marry. M. De Gouy advances the matrimonial cause by delving into the field of soups, chowders, and bisques to produce an exceptional specialty cookbook. Too often the modern American will accept a nondescript heated liquid as soup, little realizing that the introductory course should compare favorably with the subsequent repast. In this comprehensive selection of more than 800 recipes M. De Gouy demonstrates that in most cases a delectable soup is within the reach of anyone who can spare a little time and effort. The heartier chowders and bisques accompanied with crusty, hot, French bread are a complete meal. Throughout the volume are many of M. De Gouy's famous epicurean anecdotes.

THE ART OF CHEESE COOKERY, by Nika Standen. Doubleday. $1.95. If you are a cheese lover or if you have a limited budget for exciting the palate, you'll find this recent addition to Doubleday's The Art Of . . . series as useful as its handy predecessors. A history of cheese precedes a discussion of the identifying characteristics of the eighteen basic types of cheeses. Cheese being a universal food, the 250 recipes have a Continental flair. As a result, one finds Swiss, French, Italian, and Dutch dishes waiting to lend new color to uninteresting menus. Cream and cottage cheese are relied upon in the dessert section to round out the surprising variety of dishes in which cheese is the essential ingredient.

RECTOR'S NAUGHTY '90s COOKBOOK, by Alexander Kirkland. Doubleday. $3.50. Pull up a chair and relax. The sketches of Lillian Russell, Diamond Jim, Anna Held, and their contemporaries in this book are so entertaining that the stove is soon forgotten. To be sure, the recipes are toothsome and uncomplicated but the literary content overbalances them in both interest and diversity. Mr. Kirkland limits himself, in most respects, to the reading cook. He has presented a thoroughly enjoyable collection of Victoriana, but the 400 recipes of the fabulous Rector's are not the main course.

THE FIRESIDE COOKBOOK, by James A. Beard. Simon & Schuster. $5. Mr. Beard is not an Escoffier but he has an extensive knowledge of the cuisine and presents the basic principles of cookery in an appealing and capable fashion. Starting with food in its most rudimentary form of cooking —i.e., stewed chicken—he elaborates upon the theme until it develops, simply and deliciously, into a chaud-froid or some equally complicated creation. There are suggested menus for hot and cold weather, quick emergency meals, and, if you yearn for the exotic, there are East Indian and other far-flung assortments with complete instructions. The uses of herbs and wines are described briefly and intelligibly. Alice and Martin Provensen have executed the full-color illustrations with delightful European humor. The book contains some 1,217 recipes and 400 pictures as well as a dust jacket which unfolds into a color chart to grace the kitchen wall.

THE SMÖRGÅSBORD COOKBOOK, by Anna Olsson Coombs. A. A. Wyn. $2.50. In Sweden smörgåsbord (literally "spread on bread") is only the introduction to a meal, an appetizer to be relished with a glass of aquavit. The majority of our entertainment is informal and smörgåsbord makes an excellent buffet supper. As such, it has reached the fabulous proportions known in this country. To those who have used and enjoyed Mrs. Coombs's "Modern Swedish Cookbook," her latest endeavor will come as a disappointment. Several Scandinavian cookbooks have been published, including an exceptional English edition of Göthenburg ("Swedish Food"—Esseltes Götesborgsindustrier), that cover her subject to greater advantage. She shows her originality, however, in her variations on vegetable cookery with such delicious combinations as a carrot and almond ring and onions cooked with blue cheese. Photographs or sketches are important in Swedish cookbooks since most of the charm of smörgåsbord lies in eye-appeal. Unfortunately, the "The Smörgåsbord Cookbook" is not illustrated and has nothing to offer in suggested decoration to one lacking the soul and artistry of a delicatessen proprietor.

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Basic and Standard

THE AMERICAN WOMAN'S COOK BOOK. Edited and revised by Ruth Berolzheimer, New York: Garden City Publishing Co. 824 pp. $2.95. A compendium of more than 5,000 reliable recipes and food suggestions. There are thirty-two pages of illustrations of food in full color. This volume is a direct descendant of the old "Delineator Cook Book" and in one form or another has sold more than 2,750,000 copies.

ANN BACHELDER'S COOKBOOK. By Ann Bachelder. New York: M. Barrows & Co. 308 pp. $2.75. Five hundred "favorite receipts" of the food editor of the *Ladies' Home Journal*. Covers everything from appetizers to desserts, not forgetting salads, party food, cookies, and cakes.

ANTOINETTE POPE SCHOOL COOK BOOK. By Antoinette and François Pope. New York: The Macmillan Co. 366 pp. $3. Plain and fancy dishes for the home. Foods of America and other lands with the chief derivation Italian. Complete directions with each recipe.

THE BROWN DERBY COOK BOOK. Prepared by the staff of the Brown Derby Restaurants. New York: Doubleday & Co. 272 pp. $3. Over 500 recipes of dishes served in this famous Hollywood institution. Directions carefully translated for home use. Contains most of the dishes served in a first-class restaurant. Drawings to illustrate the more unusual.

COOKBOOK FOR BRIDES. By Dorothy Malone. New York: A. A. Wyn. 311 pp. $2.75. A collection of easy-to-prepare, economical, and delicious dishes to help the young married woman prepare meals for herself and her husband—and an occasional party as well. Marketing, new cooking methods, preserving, are all covered.

A COOKBOOK FOR GIRLS AND BOYS. By Irma S. Rombauer. Indianapolis: The Bobbs-Merrill Co. 243 pp. $2.75. The author of the best-selling "The Joy of Cooking" has produced a cookbook for teen-agers. She has sufficient faith in small fry to trust them with such an expensive cut as rib roast. However, her advice is sound and helpful.

COOKING FOR ONE. By Elinor Parker. New York: Thomas Y. Crowell Co. 122 pp. $2.50. More than 150 recipes for persons who must dine alone, have little time to market or make preparations, yet like out-of-ordinary fare. One-, two-, and three-course meals are suggested as well as the more popular one-dish dinner.

COOKING UNDER PRESSURE. By Marian Tracy. New York: The Viking Press. 159 pp. $2. Mostly one-dish meals that can be made in a pressure cooker. Specially bound to lie flat, one recipe to a page, this handy manual serves well the woman who generally gets home a few minutes ahead of her mate.

COOK IT IN A CASSEROLE. By Florence Brobeck. New York: M. Barrows & Co. 183 pp. $2. Recipes for every kind of quick, simple, time-saving dinner. All—even the desserts—can be cooked in any oven dish; soups, fish, chicken, meat, and vegetables are of course the most frequent.

THE DAIRY BOOK. 48 pp. 25¢. 300 WAYS TO SERVE EGGS. 48 pp. 25¢. 2,000 USEFUL FACTS ABOUT FOOD. 48 pp. 25¢. ROUND THE WORLD COOK BOOK. 64 pp. 35¢. SOUTHERN COOK BOOK. 48 pp. 25¢. THE NEW ENGLAND COOK BOOK. 48 pp. 25¢. PENNSYLVANIA DUTCH COOK BOOK. 48 pp. 25¢. THE COOKIE BOOK. 48 pp. 25¢. THE CHINESE COOK BOOK. 47 pp. 35¢. WESTERN COOK BOOK. 48 pp. 25¢. All prepared under the editorial direction of Ruth Berolzheimer. Reading, Pa.: The Culinary Arts Press. These handy, paperbound pamphlets provide an inexpensive way of building up a kitchen library. The "Round the World Cook Book" gives 200 foreign recipes from Africa to Yugoslavia; the "Southern Cook Book" 320 dishes from Old Dixie. Pennsylvania Dutch maxims and little amusing drawings are sprinkled throughout the book of recipes from that region.

FOOD FOR TWO. By Ida Bailey Allen. New York: Garden City Publishing Co. 339 pp. $2.50. Designed to help those who can give only part of their time to homemaking. Covers all aspects of cooking—marketing, planning, time-gauging, serving, garnishing, use of leftovers, with special emphasis on packaged and prepared foods. Nine hundred and fifty recipes for all meals, from hors d'oeuvres to dessert.

HOW I COOK IT. By Virginia McDonald. Kansas City: Frank Glenn Publishing Co. 256 pp. $2.75. Mrs. McDonald raised her little sandwich counter for schoolchildren to a successful tea-room of Missouri fame. Long on desserts, but also dealing with some meat dishes, this book tells how she did it.

JUST FOR TWO COOKBOOK. By Lily Haxworth Wallace. New York: M. Barrows & Co. 309 pp. $2.50. The fourteenth printing of a book of plain home cooking for the newlywed and novices in general. Additional to the recipes are marketing lists, many menus, and a good deal of motherly advice.

MEAL PLANNING AND TABLE SERVICE. By Beth Bailey McLean. Peoria, Ill.: Charles A. Bennett. 167 pp. $3.50. The "Martha Logan" of the women's magazines discusses the problems of food service in a home without servants. All types of occasions from everyday dinners to bridal breakfasts are included. Illustrated with "demonstration" photographs and drawings.

MENUS AND RECIPES FOR THE DISCRIMINATING HOSTESS. By Ella Liner Lambert. Peoria Ill.: Charles A. Bennett. 397 pp. $3.25. The author of this standard cook book, a professional home economist, has compiled data on a menu basis. A menu is given, followed by the recipes necessary for preparing it. In this way most of the usual home dishes of the contemporary household are presented. There is a good index.

MRS. RASMUSSEN'S BOOK OF ONE-ARM COOKERY. By Mary Lasswell. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Co. 102 pp. $2. Selected homey recipes, some of them *very* homey. Told in a breezy style.

NOW YOU'RE COOKIN'. By Margaret Gossett and Mary Elting. Philadelphia: Westminster Press. 256 pp. $2.50. Designed for teen-agers learning to cook and anxious to know what to serve and how to serve it on such momentous occasions as lunch before the game, double-date dinners, and stag suppers.

ONE BURNER COOKERY. By Flora Harris. New York: Rinehart & Co. 184 pp. $1.50. Actually this book could be called "Cooking at the Table," since most of the dishes lend themselves to chafing-dish treatment. It is a handy volume for the light housekeeper who occasionally has dinner guests.

RECIPES FOR TWO. By Mary Lou Glass. New York: John Wiley & Sons. 387 pp. $3. Over 600 recipes intended for the bride and everyone else who has to cook for two people. Especially attractive features are the recipes for entertaining and data on time necessary for preparation so that the cook may budget her time. Recipes are simply arranged and cross-indexed.

SUNSET COOK BOOK OF FAVORITE RECIPES. Edited by Emily Chase. San Francisco: Lane Publishing Co. 415 pp. $2.75. A twenty-year selection from California's *Sunset Magazine*. In a land where fresh fruit and vegetables are always available there is bound to be a new slant on old dishes. California also has many foreigners concerned with food—hence a cosmopolitan flavor that is not self-consciously regional. This is a complete, basic cook book.

THOUGHTS FOR FOOD. Boston: Houghton Mifflin. 372 pp. $3.50. The distillation of two previous volumes worked up by a group of Chicago women to raise money for their charity work. The plan here is to give a menu and follow it with about two pages of recipes for the suggested dishes. It is slanted for the upper-middle income group. Although it is cosmopolitan American in its choices, it reveals a middle European influence.

TOLL HOUSE TRIED AND TRUE RECIPES. By Ruth Wakefield. New York: M. Barrows & Co. 351 pp. $3. Now in its twenty-sixth printing, this is the book that launched the ubiquitous Toll House Cookie. A basic cook book written by the owner of the Toll House, Whitman, Mass.

THE YOUNG HOMEMAKERS COOKBOOK. By Esther S. Schifferman. Culver City, Calif.: Murray & Gee. 224 pp. $3. Five hundred and seventy easy-to-follow recipes for brides, together with basic data about foods, vitamins, table-setting, and service, and a supplement giving general household hints on washing, ironing, etc.

YOUR FIRST HUNDRED MEALS. By Mary Scott Welch. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. 200 pp. $2.50. Here is a book for someone who is starting from scratch. Pick a menu and it leads you by the hand through every step from buying to serving; nothing is left out. Everything you need to know and when to do it are on one large page.

American Regional

THE BEST FROM MIDWEST KITCHENS. By Ada B. Lothe, Breta L. Griem, and Ethel M. Keating. New York: M. S. Mill Co. 284 pp. $3. The authors have chosen many dishes of Western European origin that have gone native in the Middle West. Mostly they are recipes we have come to think of as American without any particular regional tag.

THE COUNTRY COOK BOOK. By Cora, Rose, and Bob Brown. New York: A. S. Barnes & Co. 224 pp. $1.75. Some country recipes by a trio which has produced a number of cook books. In the present small volume you can run across directions for cooking porcupine, woodchuck, and possum.

MENNONITE COMMUNITY COOKBOOK. By Emma Showalter. Philadelphia: The John C. Winston Co. $3.50. Although it is not generally realized, Mennonites live in all parts of the United States and originally came from Holland, Switzerland, Germany, and Russia. Anyone who has lived among them can testify to the excellence of their preserving, baking, and cooking. Here are 1,400 recipes contributed by Mennonite housewives from Virginia to Oregon, each one signed with name and address, an indication of competence and pride. The Mennonite Community Association, Scottsdale, Pa., has approved this book. To be published in June.

THE PENNSYLVANIA DUTCH COOK BOOK. By Ruth Hutchison. New York: Harper & Bros. 213 pp. $3. Here are recipes for the dishes for which Southeastern Pennsylvania is famous—sauerkraut, sauerbrauten, scrapple, schnitz and knepp, Moravian Christmas cookies, sticky buns, Dutch cakes, and shoofly pies. Interpolated are sections commenting on the history and folklore of the Pennsylvania Germans.

SUNSET ALL-WESTERN FOODS COOK BOOK. By Genevieve A. Callahan. San Francisco: Lane Publishing Co. 284 pp. $2.50. More than 750 recipes and menus using foods grown in the Western United States and becoming increasingly available in other sections.

A TASTE OF TEXAS. Edited by Jane Trahey. New York: Random House. 285 pp. $3. After sifting through a large batch of recipes submitted by individuals, 200 were chosen, including such Texas specialties as Beef à la Stroganoff, Hungarian Roast Pheasant, and Hong Kong fried trout. Texans of all walks of life such as Lilly Dache and Elsa Schiaparelli have contributed their favorite dishes.

THE UNITED STATES REGIONAL COOKBOOK. By Ruth Berolzheimer. New York: Garden City Publishing Co. 752 pp. $2.95. The cooking traditions brought to the United States from various lands have been pulled out of the melting pot and filed under national group headings. Many are, of course, common to many nations and have lost their identity or have been recast to American cooking methods.

THE YANKEE COOKBOOK. Edited by Imogene Wolcott. New York: Coward-McCann. 398 pp. $3. Gathered from old magazines, family cookbooks, family tradition, well-known hotels and restaurants, the recipes in this book are the essence of New England cooking, whether it be farm, city folk, or fisherman style. In cases where tradition in the various Yankee states differs (and it often does) all recipes are given: for example, on broiled scrod both the Parker House and the Copley-Plaza are quoted. As with baked beans, the chowder controversy is fairly presented and all recipes given. There are little essays of historical and culinary interest throughout the book.

Mostly Foreign

FROM AN ENGLISH OVEN. By Dorothy Gladys Spicer. New York: The Women's Press. 123 pp. $3. A collection of recipes for oven cooking gathered from all parts of England including Yorkshire Batter Cake, Saffron Buns from Cornwall and Pudding Pies from Kent. Attention is given to various toasts appropriate for holidays and special seasons of the year.

JEWISH COOKERY. By Leah W. Leonard. New York: Crown Publishers. 464 pp. $6. Since there are Jews of all national backgrounds, these recipes from the world over are adapted to Jewish cooking tradition and dietary laws. Most dishes are of central European descent, although veal steaks Bombay style, Oregon prune cake, and Chinese egg roll are also given.

MODERN SWEDISH COOKBOOK. By Anna Olsson Coombs. New York: A. A. Wyn. 196 pp. $2.50. For those people who wish to reproduce in their own homes the wonders of the Smörgåsbord, this is the book. Most other basic Swedish dishes are also included among the 250 recipes, since Swedes do not live on Smörgåsbord alone.

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NEW CHINESE RECIPES. By Fred Wing. New York: Edelmuth Co. 100 pp. $1. Chinese dishes are Americanized in this little book to the point where most of the ingredients can be bought at a neighborhood grocer's. The recipes have been tested by Mabel Stegner, home economist.

RECIPES CONTINENTAL. By Ruth Michaelis-Jena. New York: Irving Ravin. 78 pp. $1.35. A small, spiral-bound volume of recipes that the author gathered from family sources. This is originally a British publication, prepared, no doubt, to bring a few tasty dishes to an austerity-ridden land.

RECIPES FROM SCOTLAND. By F. Marion McNeill. New York: Irving Ravin. 90 pp. $1.50. A small, authentic book of recipes written and published in Scotland. Besides the usual Cock-a-Leekie, Bannocks, and Haggis, there are many dishes novel to everyone (but a Scotsman).

RECIPES OF ALL NATIONS. By Countess Morphy. New York: William H. Wise. 821 pp. $3.50. This mighty volume is thumb-indexed for nineteen national schools of cookery, with a twentieth for such smaller countries as Persia, Greece, and Turkey. For a book that covers such a wide range, there is an unusual degree of authenticity. Recipes are concise, complete, and written with the assumption that the reader is intelligent and already possesses a knowledge of cooking.

SPANISH-MEXICAN COOK BOOK. By Don Carlos. Culver City, Calif.: Murray & Gee. 140 pp. $2. A selection of the most popular dishes rather than a complete Latin-American cookbook. Don Carlos (Charles Parnell Leahy) is an American who lived in Mexico since he was six and therefore knows enough of both languages and kitchens to put these recipes into American terms and yet retain the original idea.

SPECIALITES DE LA MAISON. New York: American Friends of France. 118 pp. $2.50. Recipes contributed by the well-known and great, for the good of the cause. Among them Emily Post, Claire Booth Luce, Salvador Dali, Conde Nast, Aldous Huxley, Lawrence Olivier, and a few professional chefs.

Mostly for Men

BILL MAGEE'S WESTERN BARBECUE. By Ed. Ainsworth. Culver City, Calif.: Murray & Gee. 225 pp. $3. Recipes for the succulent treats that the Spanish brought to Western America, interspersed with anecdotes.

FOR MEN ONLY. By Achmed Abdullah and John Kenny. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. 205 pp. $2.50. Recipes for men who have not the patience to go through tedious preparations. These are the dishes that men like.

THE OUTDOOR CHEF. By Paul W. Handel. New York: Harper & Bros. 227 pp. $3. Advice and directions for camping trips as well as backyard feasts and barbecues. The suggestions on the type of equipment to take as well as a list of groceries certainly are insurance against disaster for the novice and a good reminder for the old hand.

Special Problems

THE BED-BOOK OF EATING AND DRINKING. By Richardson Wright. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Co. 320 pp. $2.50. A chatty book about food and drink, filled with hints about "the little things that turn a meal into a repast," and larded with anecdotes and yarns from the past.

BOOK OF SAUCES. By Jeanne Owen. New York: M. Barrows. $2. See Lawton Mackall's article.

THE BREAD TRAY. By Louis P. de Gouy. New York: Greenberg Publisher. 449 pp. $4.50 There are exactly 641 recipes for breads, rolls, etc., in this book. Who would have thought that many possible? General directions for baking are dealt with at length; historical notes and entertaining items are scattered throughout the book.

BREADS AND MORE BREADS. By Lois Lintner Sumption and Marguerite Lintner Ashbrook. Peoria, Ill.: Charles A. Bennett. 248 pp. $2.50. The breads of many nations are here included under national chapter headings. Interesting historical notes, facts about bread, and other useful information precede the recipes.

CANDY AND CANDY-MAKING. By Mary B. Bookmeyer. Peoria, Ill.: Charles A. Bennett. 127 pp. $2.75. How to make standard candies, plain and fancy, in the home, as told by a home-economics teacher with a practical and scientific background. There are over 200 tested recipes.

THE CHEESE COOKBOOK. By Mary Dahnke. New York: A. A. Wyn. 232 pp. $2. Everything that can be done with cheese is given here, be it appetizer, main dish, or dessert. The author of this new book is the director of the Consumer Service Department of Kraft Foods.

THE COOKBOOK FOR ULCER PATIENTS. By Walter Aurell. New York: Thomas Y. Crowell. 88 pp. $1.75. More than 100 recipes selected by a gourmet and approved by a scientist, which are tasty and varied yet will be beneficial to anyone suffering from an ulcer condition. The dishes are designed to be interesting enough so that other members of the family will want to share them.

COOKIES AND MORE COOKIES. By Lois Lintner Sumption and Marguerite Lintner Ashbrook. Peoria, Ill.: Charles A. Bennett. 182 pp. $2.50. Two hundred and eighty-two cookie recipes (no pies, no cakes) gathered from many sources.

THE CRUISING COOKBOOK. By R. K. Jones and C. M. Morton. New York: W. W. Norton. 302 pp. $2.95. Complete in every last detail for cooking in a small boat on a two-burner stove and other tough conditions. Thoughtful and extensive advice on equipment and stores, amazing variety of tasty dishes combined out of limited means. Menus for heavy weather worked out with forethought and experience.

A DICTIONARY OF GASTRONOMY. Compiled by André L. Simon. New York: Farrar, Straus & Co. 264 pp. $5. The president of the Wine and Food Society of London provides basic data, alphabetically arranged by topic, on all phases of gastronomy. A useful reference work for restaurants, hotels, home economic and cooking classes, and libraries. Wines are extensively dealt with.

EATING TOGETHER. By Camille Macaulay. New York: Farrar, Straus & Co. 419 pp. $3.50. A cookbook for diabetics and their families so that they may share the same menus. Advice for holidays, eating out, and other special occasions is also included.

ECONOMY FOR EPICURES. By Mary L. R. Taylor. New York: Oxford University Press. 526 pp. $3.50. A variety of fairly sophisticated dishes that can be served at low cost. Many are of foreign origin. Several hundred money-saving menus keyed to the recipes are a valuable part of the contents.

FISH AND GAME COOKERY. By Roy Wall. New York: M. S. Mill & Co. 218 pp. $2.50. Tells the sportsman how to cook it after he's caught it. Directions rather than recipes.

HOME FREEZING FOR EVERYONE. By Lura Jim Alkire and Stanley Schuler. New York: M. Barrows & Co. 149 pp. $2. Clear instructions for putting up cooked dishes, desserts, and whole meals as well as fresh produce. There are recipes and menus for the defrosted item, too.

HOW TO COOK A WOLF. By M. F. K. Fisher. New York: Duell, Sloan & Pearce. 261 pp. $2.50. One of many books in which Mrs. Fisher speaks so lovingly and readably of food, with only an occasional recipe as such.

ICE CREAM DESSERTS FOR EVERY OCCASION. By Louis P. de Gouy. New York: Greenberg Publisher. 281 pp. $2.50. There are five recipes for Bisquit Tortoni among the 470 Ice Creams, Coupes, Bombes, Frappes, Mousses, Parfaits, and Sherberts. Each recipe is headed with a parenthetical note telling whether it is made by hand freezer or refrigerator.

KITCHENS NEAR AND FAR. By Herman Smith. New York: M. Barrows & Co. 277 pp. $2.50. Partly nostalgia, partly travelogue, but altogether about food. Some recipes shown that look pretty tempting.

MAGIC IN HERBS. By Leonie da Sounin. New York: M. Barrows & Co. 208 pp. $2.50. A discussion of the part herbs have played in European cooking, a description of the various kinds of herbs, recipes explaining how to use herbs to produce savory dishes, and directions for planting and keeping an herb garden.

SALADS AND HERBS. By Cora, Rose, and Bob Brown. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Co. 274 pp. $2.50. More than 300 recipes are given for salads for every time and purpose—lunch, tea, dinner, or late evening, using every kind of vegetable, meat, fish, fruit, nut, and left-over. There are also many suggestions for the use of herbs, which make the difference between plain cooking and cooking as an art.

THE SALT-FREE DIET COOK BOOK. By E. G. Conason and Ella Metz. New York: Lear. 137 pp. $3. Salt-free dishes with ingredients tabulated by ounces, calories, and milligrams of sodium.

SOUPS, SAUCES, AND GRAVIES. By Cora, Rose, and Bob Brown. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Co. 319 pp. $2.50. More than 500 recipes for a wide variety of hot and cold soups, the traditional sauces of famous chefs adapted for home use, and Americanized versions of succulent English gravies.

WITH A JUG OF WINE. By Morrison Wood. New York: Farrar, Straus & Co. 379 pp. $3.50. Unless he can put wine into the formula, this author won't tell you about it. Directions are unduly long and garrulous. However, if the richer type of restaurant food appeals to you more than home cooking, this book is for you.

YOUR JUST DESSERTS. By Fred Angeloh. New York: Didier. 256 pp. $3. A complete dessert book by a professional pastry chef.

—RALPH WRAY.

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the Phoenix Nest

THE SPIRIT OF THE SCENE

or

WILLIAM AND DOROTHY

LATE in the evening, and the light just going,
She and her William walking from Ambleside,
That crouchback Gael leaned staff-propped in the dusk,
Leech-gathering his trade ere he was stricken,
And so gave out his story, wavering there
In wan illumination of the pond,
While she with murmuring sympathy engaged him
As often vagrant souls through all that region,
By moorland water, woodland, clambering fell
And vales remote as Rasselas's Amhara.
After they reached the wainscoated dark oak
And diamond panes of the old cottage kitchen
And mounted to the easy room above,
She wrote it down.

Again, accompanying him
When a month later William walked to Rydal
By islanded narrow Grasmere lake: "a storm
Gathering in Easedale . . . but the moon came out . . .
The larger mountains dappled like a sky,"
She wrote it down.
In March he penned a poem
About a beggar woman she had seen
In long brown cloak, with a barefooted child,
The elder's hat "wreathed round with yellow flowers,"
Her notes particularized. He placed the meeting
"Near the quarry at the head of Rydal Lake"
In his acknowledgment. He also tells us
That his wife Mary wrote the best two lines
Which grace his Daffodils. But who declared
They grew among the mossy stones about them
Some resting their gold heads as on a pillow?
The others (she added) "tossed, and reeled, and danced,
And seemed as if they verily laughed with the wind . . .
They looked so gay, ever glancing, ever changing."

Peace to the sometimes most pedestrian bard
By the colloquial cumbered, though he kindled
Into great poetry! But if his heart
Leaped up—who first espied that watery arch
Beyond the Town-End, glimmering every hue
From violet to madder? Was it she?

We grant to William his observant eye,
His ear that heard the throbbing of a voice
In "the living air." But he himself has told us
Who gave him eyes and ears.
Consider this:
Perching beside him on the Dover coach,
No delicate porcelain of the human race
But elfishly outside, above the world,
She sits, while the crack jehu fists the ribbons
Above the capering leaders and snorting bays
In early morning, as the guard's post horn
Lyricks in gold. And there the city swims,
St. Paul's, the River; and the bridge is crossed
Above a "multitude of little boats,"
The houses being "spread out endlessly:
Yet the sun shone so brightly . . . such pure light."
Thus, bonneted, she sisters with clear eye
A sonnet gathering laurel down the years,
While coachman southward tools an immortal stage
That lurches through the golden dust of summer.
Next, Calais—"the coast of England, like a cloud,
Crested with Dover castle, the evening star
And the glory of the sky," the "purple waves
Brighter than precious stones for ever melting
Away upon the sands." And who wrote that?
That spirit stands beside him, tiny and tanned
As once De Quincey viewed her. Who could know
The mind would cloud, derangement take those eyes,
And the true seer, beside the poet's elbow,
Diminish from him with hardly a farewell,
Leaving him Shakespeare's month and Rydal Mount?

—W.R.B.

* * *

Such state control of thinking and writing as now exists in the Soviet Union no American writer could possibly put up with. It has reached fantastic proportions. Some day the world will look back on this huge attack upon artistic integrity and conscience on the part of our powerful neighbor as a fit of delirium. From an association of Russian writers and journalists abroad, in Hamburg, has come a most moving appeal to the Emergency Council for Displaced European Professionals, in New York at 20 W. 40th St. These writers and journalists regard it as their duty to make known the full and unprejudiced truth about their country and about the genuine aspirations of a nation kept in subjection by a government of which its vast majority disapproves. But, of course, they have even been forbidden to publish any periodical in Russian in their zone for fear of political complications. They are looked upon by the military authorities as a potential cause of political friction between East and West. Expediency. They have no valid passports. What they want is to make felt the weight of their beliefs and experiences on the side of the cause of freedom. There are fifteen names signed to this letter. Any publishers interested?

* * *

FOR MR. W. H.

Three hundred years, the scholars have pursued you,
Found you, lost you, sworn at you and wooed you.
Through the footnote thickets chased thee, youth,
Who with light laughter leads them to the truth,
Then shies away
As if to say
Who hides his name and runs away,
Will live to hide another day.

Thou bane of gentle Will's biographer,
Come out, come out, whoever you were!

—BIANCA BRADBURY.

* * *

—WILLIAM ROSE BENÉT.

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DOUBLE-CROSTIC NO. 839

Reg. U. S. Patent Office

By Elizabeth S. Kingsley

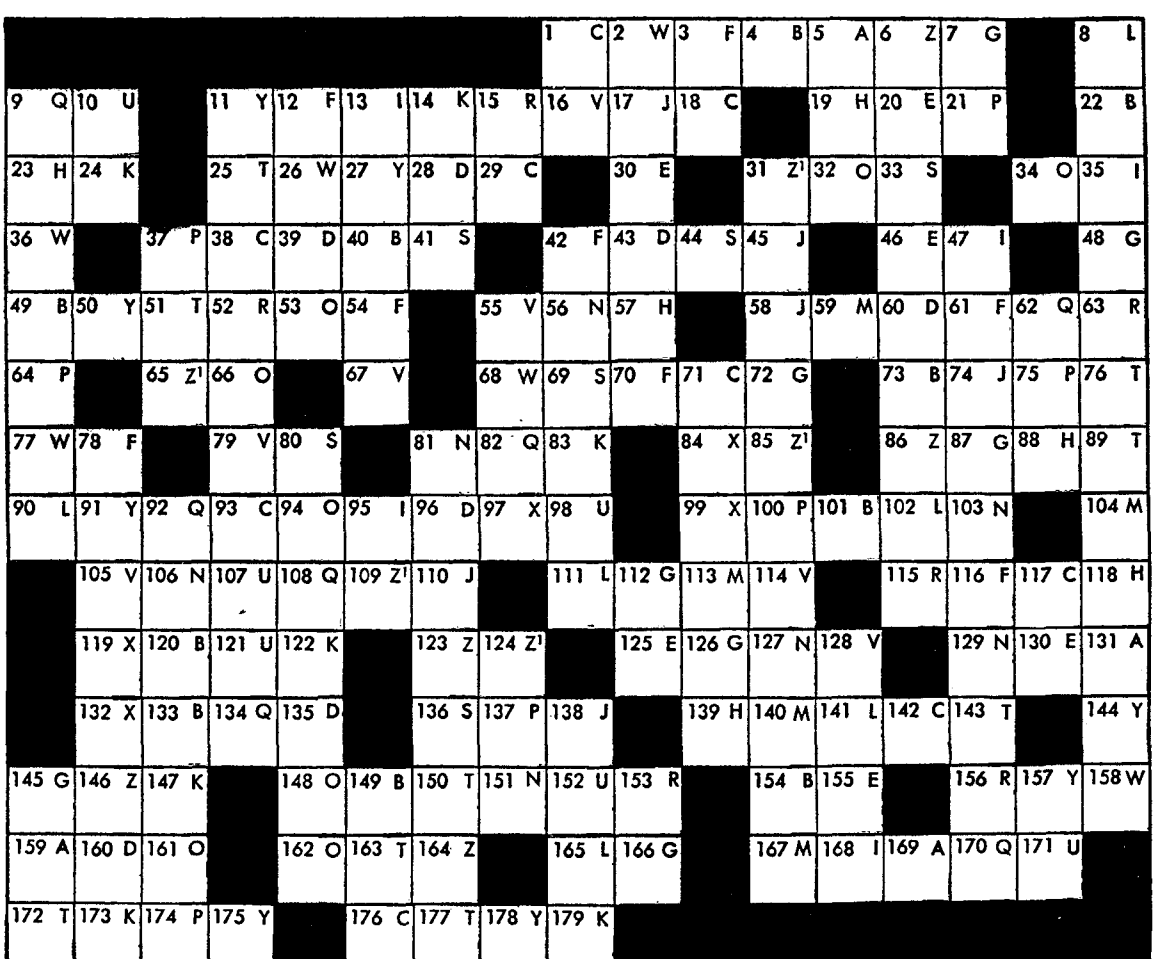
DEFINITIONS	WORDS
A. American journalist and diplomat, long associated with the *New York Tribune* (1837-1912).	159 5 169 131
B. Adverse; opposing.	49 133 149 40 22 120 4 101 73 154
C. A trifle.	1 142 176 117 18 29 93 71 38
D. State admitted to the Union in 1816.	96 160 28 43 39 135 60
E. Siamese word for "town," used as a prefix in many names of places.	130 30 125 46 155 20
F. Last name of pseudonym of Joyce Maxtone Graham, current English writer.	54 3 61 12 42 116 78 70
G. Occasionally (3 wds.).	87 48 166 145 7 72 112 126
H. River in S. Eire, in urban district of same name.	118 57 88 19 139 23
I. Current American author, wife of William Beebe, scientist.	95 168 35 13 47
J. Subservient hanger-on of a political patron (colloq. U.S.).	17 74 138 45 110 58
K. First name of author in Word I.	24 14 147 179 83 122 173
L. Applied to a "crater" in S.E. Arizona, a depression of 4,000 ft. diameter, 600 ft. deep.	111 141 8 90 165 102
M. Mountain peak, 13,810 ft., in San Juan Mountains, S.W. Colo.	104 113 140 59 167
N. Town near Frankfurt, Germany, famous for saline, thermal waters.	103 129 151 56 127 106 81

DEFINITIONS	WORDS
O. Character in Wagner's "Parsifal."	32 34 66 162 148 53 94 161
P. Coupled; paired (arch.).	64 100 75 137 37 174 21
Q. Pertaining to the gradual loss of an unaccented vowel at the beginning of a word; as "squire" for "esquire."	82 92 9 134 108 62 170
R. Applied to ideas, as of God, immortality, right, and wrong (philos.).	15 63 153 156 115 52
S. First post of Hudson's Bay Trading Company at mouth of river of same name in Manitoba (1670).	41 80 44 136 69 33
T. Manufacturing city in Württemberg, Germany, on the Neckar; residence of Hegel.	25 143 163 89 150 51 76 177 172
U. The ball of the thumb (anat.).	107 171 10 98 121 152
V. A line following the lowest part of a valley, even under water (German; physiog.).	55 79 67 105 128 114 16
W. A contracted form of greeting (colloq.; var. sp.).	26 158 68 77 36 2
X. A simple constable in "Measure for Measure."	132 99 84 97 119
Y. Any plane tree of the genus Platanus or its wood, in the U.S.	11 175 157 27 91 144 50 178
Z. Surname of a notorious executioner in seventeenth-century England	146 6 164 86 123
Z¹. Highest peak, 5,927 ft., in Segura Mountains, S.E. Spain.	85 124 109 31 65

DIRECTIONS

To solve this puzzle you must guess twenty-odd words, the definitions of which are given in the column headed DEFINITIONS. The letters in each word to be guessed are numbered. These numbers appear under the dashes in the column headed WORDS. There is a dash for each letter in the required word. The key letters in the squares are for convenience, indicating to which word in the definitions each letter in the diagram belongs. When you have guessed a word, fill it in on the dashes; then write each letter in the correspondingly numbered square of the puzzle diagram. When the squares are all filled in you will find (by reading from left to right) a quotation from a famous author. Read up and down the letters mean nothing. The black squares indicate ends of words; words do not necessarily end at the right side of the diagram.

When the column headed WORDS is filled in, the initial letters spell the name of the author and the title of the piece from which the quotation has been taken. Authority for spelling and definitions is Webster's New International Dictionary (second edition).



Solution of last week's Double-Crostic will be found on page 15 of this issue.

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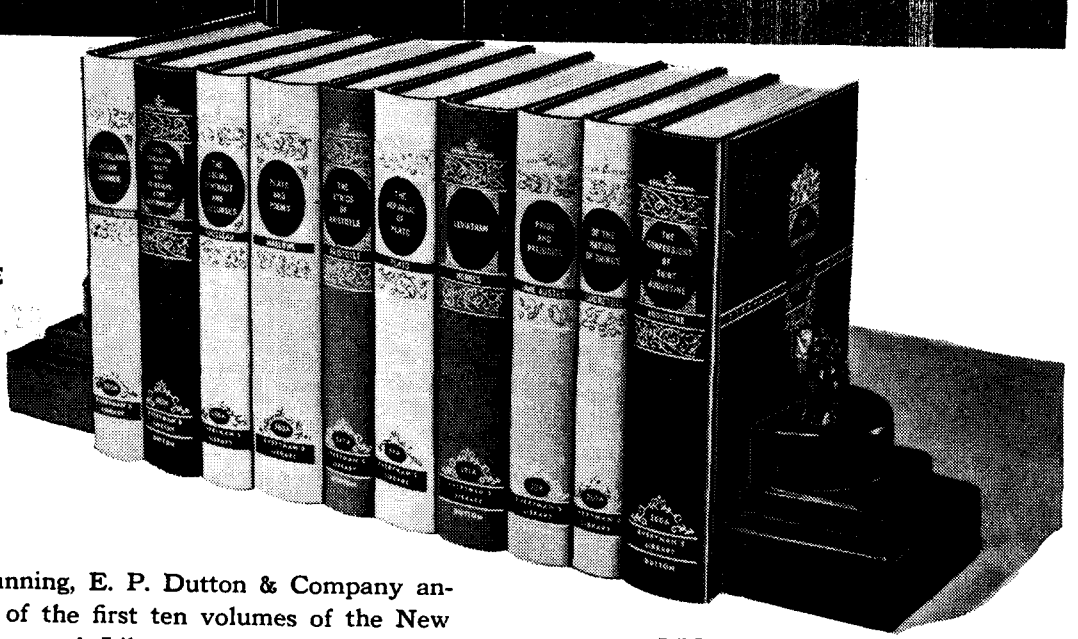

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